

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1843.

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[SIXPENCE.

THE CRIME OF ASSASSINATION.

The death of the accomplished but unfortunate secretary of the Prime Minister by the hand of an assassin has spread among the thinking ranks of the community a strong feeling of sorrow certainly, but also a shame and horror which far exceeds the expression of mere lamentation and regret. A fearful impression is beginning to prevail that the stain of assassination is fixing its indelible blackness upon the land, and that such morbid crimes as have for evermore been held as strangers to the manly spirit of our country are ulcerating society with a dreadful tendency to spread. Heaven avert from England any such calamities of wickedness as have crept in upon the more depraved periods of foreign revolutionary history, and assist us to wipe out these isolated stains which are so deep in their character, so lasting in their disgrace, and so terrible in their influences upon society and their bitter degradation of our common kind! It must not be concealed that the recurrence of brutal and infamous atrocities among a people degenerates them lost infallibly, diminishes the dread and horror with which crime is contemplated, corrupts by its familiarity, and eventually prostrates the morality and religion of the land. In France it erected desism upon its reeking altars, and laid the spirit of piety in the dust. In England, we blush to find that it has become frequent enough to excite a natural alarm among the guardians of national morals, and that public writers already seize upon it as an evil sign of the times—a calamity which they call upon the proper spirit of the people to execrate and arrest. It is with unfeigned pain that we find a fresh assassination giving cause to an English journalist for the utterance of this strong remark, “It is ours to bid the people of England remember the fearful stigma which this horrid murder has branded on the English name.” This we read in the *Times* of Thursday, and it involves a truth which is humiliating, and will become fatal, if we do not, in the strict, severe, and honest exercise of pure and imperishable justice, punish the atrocity and wipe out the stain—look this glaring evil in the face, and wither it with the lightning-glance of unflinching retribution! We have had now, within a short period of time, five black attempts at broad-day assassination—all of the most revolting and motiveless description—all most “base, foul, and unnatural”—and three of these have been directed against the person of a beloved and virtuous Queen. The dangerous notoriety of these crimes was, in each instance, far greater than the amount of punishment inflicted; and the natural tendency of society to refuse to contemplate them in any other light than as the acts of madmen, deprived justice of the stern and dread example which she would otherwise have set up to daunt the soul of sin. We do not wish to throw the colour of a wild approval over the fearful punishment of death—God forbid!—but we do earnestly wish to check that false mercy of misconstruction which writes *mad* instead of *bad*, and is content to call that criminal a maniac who is nothing better than a fiend. It is almost putting a premium upon vice—to take from it the very colour of its wickedness, by qualifying it down into mere insanity, and insisting that the stormy gust of dark and dreadful atrocity, which ravages with murder and sweeps away the house of life, is but the wild gale of desolation which has been wakened amid the chaos of the madman’s heart and brain. The recent attempts at assassination, we lament to say, seem almost traceable to the old revolutionary principle—some of them were directed at a Sovereign—and there seems little doubt that this last was intended for a Minister. It seems impossible to find a motive for attacking an amiable private gentleman who held no prominence in public affairs; but the motive against the minister would be hardly less palpable than infamous; and the murderer of Mr. Drummond has said in his examination that he was driven to it by “the Tories.” This is a sort of feeling which justice demands should not be hastily set down as madness, or we shall never be able to crush the horrible advances of morbid crime. The public will look with absorbing interest to the approaching trial; and, whatever may be its results, they should be weighed with reflective gravity by the community.

We are content that the wretched man should abide the ordeal of his country’s laws, and mercy forfend that we should demand vengeance instead of justice when he is tried! If he be really mad—if

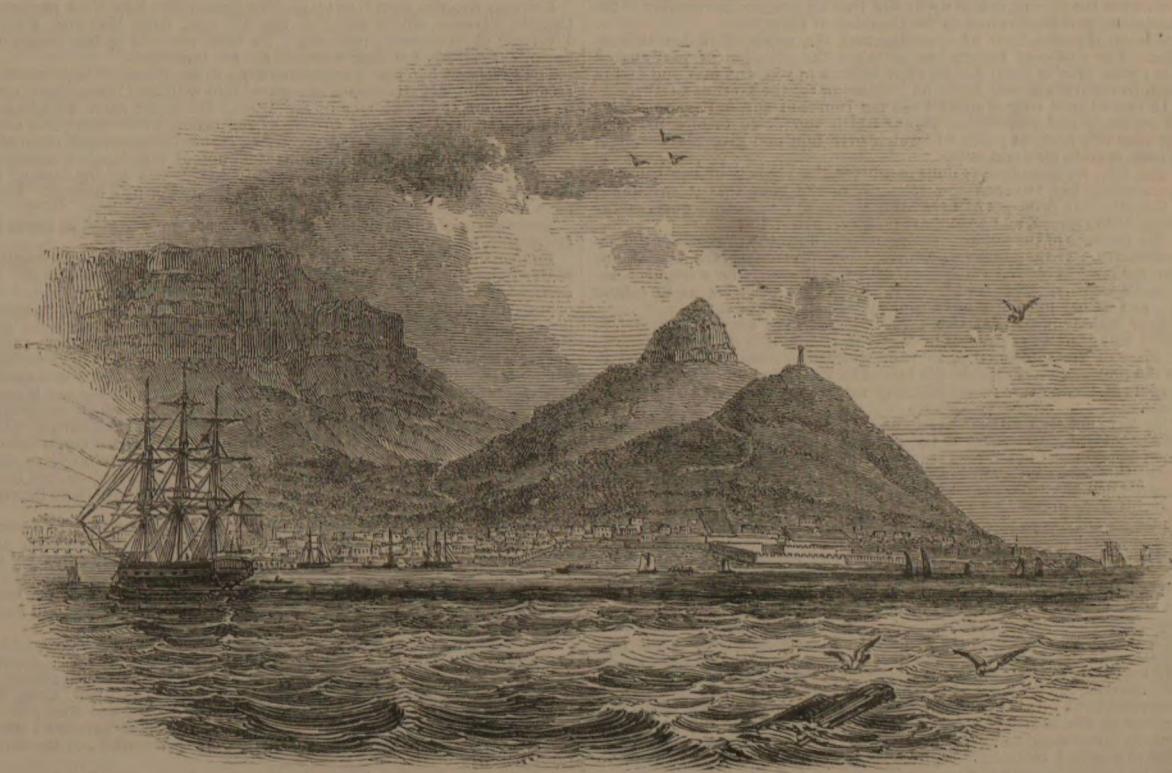
reason is shut out from his brain—if his heart is blind—his mind sadly and hopelessly incoherent, irresponsible, and void of thought—his soul darkened and prostrate under an Almighty affliction—it is not for man to dole forth retribution unto such as him. Pity, more than punishment, may be laid at his door. But if he prove a gloomy-hearted criminal, and has done this murder as a foul and black assassin—although endued with sense and reason like other men—shall we get up the false cry of insanity to stay the arm of Justice—the sword of God? Shall we set up another landmark of crime, and let this morbid spirit of unnatural wickedness creep into the heart of the community, and sully the pure and manly character of the English name? We trust this bitterness of degradation may never pass; we hope to find the proper spirits of reason and virtue exercising their legitimate influences upon the people—the monstrosity of assassination for ever expunged from the catalogue of English crimes.

With regard to the fact of death having ensued to Mr. Drummond, we cannot close this paper without expressing, in common with all who knew him, the most sincere and sorrowful regret. The respected gentlemen had the reputation of living without an enemy, an useful public servant, an exemplary private friend, and, in paying tribute to his memory, we have a melancholy pleasure in quoting from a contemporary a brief epitome of his career:—

“ His career, thus prematurely and lamentably closed, has not been a useless or unhonoured one. Having entered into the service of the State as a clerk of the Treasury at an early age, his assiduity,

fidelity, and good-humour introduced him to the more immediate patronage of the minister of the day. As private secretary to the present Earl of Ripon when Chancellor of the Exchequer, he displayed those qualifications which recommended him successively to the notice of Mr Canning, the Duke of Wellington, and Sir R. Peel. Under these statesmen it was his lot to discharge, for nearly twenty years, duties which are only inferior to those of a Cabinet Minister, because they are less conspicuous, but the faithful discharge of which can alone alleviate the anxieties and mitigate the asperities of official station. As there is no connexion so close as that which binds the English statesman to his secretary—a connexion unknown and unappreciated in foreign courts—so, perhaps, there is no grief so profound as that which an English statesman feels for the loss of him in whose person the qualities of friend and partisan have been harmoniously blended—who has been the associate of his public counsels, the confidant of his public cares, and the cheerful companion of his private life.

“ Happen, therefore, when it might, the death of Mr. Drummond could not but be widely lamented. The man whose qualifications for public duties were prized by Canning and Wellington, whilst the charm of his personal intercourse was no less valued in private circles, could not have passed away for ever, without the deep and earnest regret of those to whom he was known, either as an intimate friend or as a public servant. But how bitter is the sting added to the poignancy of ordinary sorrow by a death so sudden and so awful.”



CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Letters and journals from the Cape of Good Hope of the 20th of November have reached us, the contents of which are important, and afford satisfactory proof of the propriety of the measure recently adopted by government, of adding another Queen’s regiment to the British force in that colony. The contents disclose the rebellious intentions of the Boers, and exhibit the designs they entertain of enlisting the native tribes in their cause. Several chiefs have, it appears, consented, either covertly or openly, to join them.

In this condition of the colony we think we cannot better consult the entertainment of our readers than by presenting them with the above view of Cape Town.

In consequence of intelligence which had been received on the 28th of October, at Allman’s Drift, on the east bank of the Orange River, that 600 armed Boers had collected for the purpose of erecting a beacon, and declaring the territory from that spot to Port Natal the property of the Volksraad and the emigrant Boers, and driving from the land all who would not sign an oath of allegiance to their

cause, Mr. Justice Menzies repaired to the spot accompanied by several clergymen, Dutch and English, where her Majesty’s flag having been planted he explained to them the responsibility they would incur by the conduct they were pursuing. In the course of his address, which was of the most pacific character, he explained to them the fallacy of the supposition that the King of Holland would countenance their rebellion, and expostulated with them mildly but firmly on their breach of faith, in thus repudiating the treaty which had been entered into with them by Col. Cloete, threatening them with the most calamitous consequences if they persisted in their rebellious demands. Nothing could exceed the courage, temper, and discretion exhibited by Judge Menzies in the emergency. Such qualities are rarely thrown away, and proved importantly useful on this occasion; the Boers were induced to disperse for the present, and the necessity for bloodshed averted. It is clear, however, that nothing short of a considerable addition to our military strength at the Cape, and a conciliatory course towards th-

native tribes, can preserve the colony from the horrors of a civil war, which it will require a larger body of troops than we can afford for its service to suppress.

Cape Town, the capital of Southern Africa, and the most important European settlement on the continent, is built on Table Bay, at the foot of the majestic Table Mountain, rising 3582 feet above the sea, and flanked with the Devil's Hill, 3515 feet high, and the Lion's Head, 2160 feet; the triple summit forming a most conspicuous object from the sea. Table Bay affords an abundant supply of excellent water, and will contain any number of vessels; but from May to September they are in danger from westerly gales. A pier, 600 feet long, has been built in the Bay; and a break-water, like that at Plymouth, is proposed.

Cape Town being the only good place of refreshment for vessels between Europe and America on one side, the East Indies, China, and Australia on the other, must always be a great commercial thoroughfare. The town extends about a mile and a quarter along the shore of the bay, and contains about 20,000 inhabitants. The streets are straight and broad, and the roads macadamised. The houses are flat-roofed and low, in consequence of the violent winds; many are fronted by terraces shaded by fir-trees; the oldest houses are Dutch-built; there are very few chimneys, so that the town has a most un-English appearance. There were lately four Protestant churches and a Roman Catholic chapel. Among the other public buildings are the castle, a pentagonal building, occupied by troops; the barracks; Exchange-room and public library on the Grand Parade; the Governor's house, and a small range of buildings; the Bank, Post-office, and Courts of Justice, the latter under the presidency of a chief justice and two puisne judges; there are besides a magistrates' court and police-office, a gaol, and house of correction. But the finest building is the observatory, about three miles from town, lately erected at an expense of £30,000. Here Sir John Herschel has executed a minute astronomical survey of the southern hemisphere; his return from which, in 1839, was celebrated in London by the presentation of a magnificent silver vase to the distinguished astronomer.

Cape Town presents an animated appearance: the variety of nations, and the numerous complexions of the people, are very striking; as the fat-faced Dutchman, the pig-tailed Chinaman, and Hottentots, Malays, and Negroes, with half-castes of every intermediate tint between black and white; with the fair English settler and the troops of the garrison. There are two newspapers printed in the town, in English and Dutch, and two almanacks. The population of Cape Town is about 20,000.

The other places in the colony are mostly villages. Of these Graaf Reynet, with a multi-coloured population of 2000, and about 300 neat and even elegant brick houses, in streets planted with orange and lemon trees. Eastward of Graaf Reynet, on the Great Fish River, are the village of Cradock, with new Scotch locations or settlements, on the Caffree frontier—a good country. Lower down towards the coast, and between the Fish River and Algoa Bay, is Graham's Town, the capital of the Albany district, with about 2500 inhabitants, chiefly English: it is the chief place in the east part of the colony, and the head-quarters of the military on the Caffree frontier. It is described by Mr. Rose as "a large, ugly, ill-built, straggling place, containing a strange admixture of lounging officers, idle tradesmen, drunken soldiers, and still more drunken settlers." It is most romantically situated in a deep valley, surrounded by hills and glens. Bathweet is another settlement near the mouth of the Kowie River.



FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.—The following is the address to the King in answer to the speech from the throne, drawn up by the Duc de Broglie, as reporter of the commission, and read by him to the Chamber of Peers:—

"Sire—It is in the hour of adversity that the secret of all hearts is revealed. The whole of France has partaken the affliction of your august house; your grief is hers; her affection belongs to you, and may you find in such consolation as may be found here below for the heart of a father.

"In resuming at your Majesty's call the course of our duties, we receive with gratitude and respect the thanks which you deign to offer us. The King may rely upon us; God will watch over him and give him strength and time to fulfil his great task.

"Yes, Sire, we have already done much for the security of our country. The monarchy has received new strength by the blow that it sustained; the Conservative principle of hereditary succession rules and governs the chances of the future, and confidence is in every heart.

"The increase of the public revenue follows upon the progress of the national wealth. Thanks to the vigilance of the Government, the ascendancy which the law has obtained dispenses with the necessity for a frequent appeal to its severity. This is your work, Sire; it has been for us to concur in it; and we beg to congratulate your Majesty and ourselves.

"Your Majesty is satisfied with your relations with foreign powers. In concert with your allies you watch over the tranquillity of the East. The Christians of Syria had a right to your solicitude; they never claimed in vain the protection of France. We rejoice to learn what has been done for their just and holy cause; they will long retain the recollection of this new benefit.

"We have not seen without grief the disorders of which Spain has just been the theatre. A stranger to the strife of parties in that kingdom, the French Government has always respected the independence of the Spanish people; in offering an available asylum for misfortune it has fulfilled the duties of humanity. To continue to the Queen Isabella a faithful friendship, to conciliate the preservation of our own dignity, of our legitimate interests, with the regard due to an allied nation—such is the policy of your Majesty, and it is worthy of your wisdom.

"Sire—You have at heart the progress of our agriculture, our industry, of our commerce; you seek for them in every quarter new openings. It is to secure to the French flag a fixed station, a harbour of refuge in those seas hitherto too little frequented by our marine, that you have taken possession of the Marquesas Islands. This establishment offers advantages of which time will prove the importance. If the negotiation opened by your Majesty, with the same views, meet with the success which we hope for—if there result therefrom treaties and commercial negotiations—we will attentively examine the influence which these conventions may exercise upon the employment and direction of national labour. In the measures for the modification of the Legislature under which our industry has hitherto prospered, we recommend to the prudence of your Government the respect which is due to existing interests. We rejoice at the success of our arms in Algiers, and at the bravery of our soldiers. When the rule of France shall be completely established in that country, civilisation will gradually be developed, and order and justice will consolidate our empire. The Chamber of Peers will attentively study the law of finance and the several projects of law which may be communicated to it. The Chamber sees with regret that it has not been possible to re-establish the equilibrium between the receipts and expenditure. This state of things should become the object of serious attention.

"Sire—The world is at peace—France is free—and our country is in a state of prosperity. It only remains for us to guarantee, by wisdom and perseverance, the benefits which we enjoy. We will undertake this work with you; we will assist you in its completion. It is a happiness which futurity has still in reserve for you."

In the discussion which ensued on the reading of this document (and with which the Paris journals of Saturday and Sunday are entirely occupied) MM. Segur Lamoignon and Camille Perier expressed themselves most opposed to the treaties of 1831 and 1833, but admitted at the same time that these treaties were binding on the French Government. Notice had been given of three amendments, each of which would of course involve an alteration by its proposer, besides those that must be made by his political partisans. The amendment announced by the Prince de la Moskwa is as follows:—"We hope that your Majesty's wisdom will take into consideration the opinion that has been manifested in relation to the right of search established by the treaties of 1831 and 1833;" and the Marquis de Turgot will move to this effect:—"These satisfactory relations (with foreign powers) would have been still more firmly secured if a new examination of the

treaties of 1831 and 1833 could have led to the removal of the inconveniences that the execution of them has appeared to involve."

It will be observed that in none of these amendments is there a distinct suggestion to annul the treaties, though an obscure allusion to such a cause may possibly be just traceable in that of the Prince de la Moskwa. We are induced to think it not improbable that all may be negatived, and, in that case, nothing would remain but that the address drawn up by the Duc de Broglie should be adopted, which would be a clear triumph to the French Cabinet.

M. Guizot delivered an able speech in the Chamber of Peers on Saturday, notwithstanding that he was suffering severely from cold.

The commission on the address in the Chamber of Deputies had requested the reporter to draw up a paragraph on the right of search, and submit it to them for discussion. It was generally expected that this paragraph would be of a violent character, and that it would be met by a decided amendment.

Count De Ratti-Menton, says the *Constitutionnel*, has been named consul at Canton. He is to set out in a short time, charged to draw up a work on the commercial relations that France may have in future with the Chinese empire.

The debate on the address in the Chamber of Peers was resumed on Monday. Several peers having spoken, M. Guizot at length entered the tribune, and delivered an argumentative and eloquent speech, which was not concluded when the post left Paris. The last words heard by the reporter were:—"I wish particularly to impress upon the house that these violent clamours not unfrequently lead to insurmountable difficulties. Let us not, then, hurry into the negotiations that have been spoken of; because, in the present excitement of the public mind, negotiation must either terminate in weakness or in folly. For my own part I will not lend myself to the one or to the other."

The adjourned debate in the Chamber of Peers was resumed on Tuesday on the third paragraph of the address, in reply to the speech from the throne, when after an eloquent speech from the Duc de Broglie, the amendment was negatived by a majority of 51, there being only 67 for, and 118 against. Another amendment was subsequently negatived without a division, and when the reporter left the remaining paragraphs of the address were under discussion.

SPAIN.—We learn by Madrid papers and correspondence to the 15th inst. that the Government had strengthened the garrison of Madrid. As no immediate cause for this step is mentioned, the presumption is that it is thought advisable to be prepared in case of tumult at the elections.

The contribution at Barcelona proceeded so slowly that the Captain-General had ordered the Ayuntamiento to issue a stringent proclamation on the subject. In the three days preceding the 15th only seven persons had paid their quota, and the aggregate amount among the seven was no more than 11,420 reals, eight maravedis. General Seoane had threatened to quicken the payments by quartering 2000 men on those who continued in arrear.

The trial of the editor of the *Heraldo* had terminated in his acquittal by a large majority; in short, after this case, and that of the *Sol* a few days ago, it was considered very doubtful if a jury could be found to convict the conductor of a public journal.

The *Sol* states positively that the commercial treaty was signed on the 15th, at the inspection of the National Militia, by Mr. Aston and Count Almadovar, after a number of conferences between M. Gonzales Infantes, an English officer, the particular friend of Mr. Aston, and various other select subjects; but the *Patriota* denies the truth of the *Sol*'s article, as well as the conversations of foreign diplomats, and the breaking up of the Kodil cabinet. On the eve of the election such a change is scarcely possible; but the fear of the treaty of commerce is so great as to make the Opposition imagine all sorts of strong combinations, well knowing the Government cannot go on without an extraordinary supply of money, which cannot be secured from any other source.

LEVANT MAIL.—SYRIA.—Our advices are from Beyrouth, the 12th Dec., on which day the Sardinian steamer *Tripoli* left for Alexandria, and to the 15th, by her Majesty's steam-frigate *Devastation*.

Omar Pacha has succeeded finally in getting down from the mountains, after two battles with the Druses. He had not, however, got beyond Sidon ere he was compelled to fight again, and this, which took place on the 5th of December, and lasted some two hours only, terminated in his favour, with a loss of about 50 *hours de combat* on both sides.

The Pacha of St. Jean d'Acra, Reschid Pacha, had gone to the assistance of Omar Pacha at Sidon. Our correspondent says that there the two chiefs quarrelled, and that Reschid banished Omar to St. Jean d'Acra. We give this as we had it, but doubt its correctness, inasmuch as we think that the Pacha of St. Jean d'Acra has no power to exile Omar Pacha, who was also about to proceed to Constantinople.

Ali Pacha had reached Arfa, on his way to Damascus.

The mountain is now quiet, in consequence of the news brought by the *Devastation* of the new intentions of the Sultan. It is not known who will be appointed. Reschid Pacha (of Acra) is spoken of, in which case there will (and in any case there must be) quarrels and dissensions.

There has been a large council of Pachas, &c., held at Beyrouth, in which the subject of discussion was whether or not an amnesty should be granted to the Christians, and which the different consuls were, of course, anxious to obtain. The discussion was of a boisterous nature, and terminated in a resolution not to grant the said amnesty. The news, politically speaking, is nothing. The principal officers of the different Pachas are quite ignorant of what is going on. All conferences are held with closed doors.

CORFU, Dec. 21.—Mr. Stuart M'Kenzie reached Corfu on the morning of the 18th inst., after a voyage of ten days from Malta. He landed quite proudly, announcing "That he had resigned his post of Lord High Commissioner, but he had obtained permission of the Secretary of State to return to Corfu and assume the functions of L. H. C. provisionally until his successor should arrive."

UNITED STATES AND CANADA.—The Cambridge New York packet-ship, Captain Barstow, which sailed on the 3rd inst. from that city, arrived at Liverpool on Wednesday morning. We have received by her papers to the day of her sailing, but their contents are not important.

The President had sent a communication to the House of Representatives, recommending negotiations to be entered into with the Chinese government, to secure for the commerce of the United States the same advantages as would be enjoyed by Great Britain by the ceding of the four ports and the possession of Hong-Kong. It was referred to the committee on foreign affairs.

The inquiry into the mutiny and execution of Midshipman Spencer and others on board the brig Somers was proceeded with on the 31st of Dec., and then adjourned to the 3rd of January, the 2nd being a holiday. No new facts of importance were elicited.

The reports of the health of Sir C. Bagot are, we are glad to learn, more favourable, and hopes of his recovery are entertained.

Business at New York was inactive, partly owing to the season employing most of the mercantile firms and banks in balancing the last year's transactions.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Letters from San Juan Baptista, in Tobasco, speak in lamentable terms of a disastrous inundation which has overspread nearly the whole country, carrying off immense quantities of live stock, and producing a famine in the land. The inhabitants of that region have petitioned Government for relief. By the way of Mazatlan, news has been again received from the Marquesas Islands, to the effect that a *fraca* had arisen between the people of the island and the French, during which the governor, an officer, and several soldiers were killed. The English barque Charles Hyde, 62 days from Liverpool, bound to Vera Cruz, with a cargo valued at 100,000 dollars, went ashore only about two miles from the latter place. About 15,000 dollars' worth of the cargo was saved in a damaged state, but the vessel remains a total loss, though fully covered to the owners by insurance. The officers and crew were all saved.

THE INDIA MAIL.—The Victoria steamer left Bombay Dec. 1; arrived at Suez Dec. 20, six P.M.; mails reached Alexandria Dec. 21, ten A.M. Great Liverpool left Alexandria Dec. 24, two P.M.; arrived at Malta Dec. 29, seven A.M. The Great Liverpool, which left Malta on the 15th, did not reach Alexandria till the 20th, at ten A.M., having encountered bad weather the whole of the way. The mails were despatched on the same day to Suez, at five P.M.

WEST INDIES.—The West India steam-ship Trent, Captain Boxer, arrived at Falmouth on Sunday afternoon, from St. Thomas's, Dec. 26; Bermuda, Jan. 3; from Faya, on the 16th. Freight estimated at 50,000 dollars, and about 180 serons of cochineal and indigo. Passengers—Lieut. Long, R.N., and Mr. Bourne, from Demerara; Dr. Tellory, from Porto Rico; Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. West, and Mr. Kermode, from Jamaica; Messrs. Mitchell, Morrison, M'Donald, and Page, from Havana; and Mr. Groves, from Faya.

Admiral Sir Charles Adam, in the *Illustrious*, with the *Orestes* and *Hornet*, were at Bermuda.

All expectations of the safety of the *Victor* had vanished, which adds to the poignant feeling of the relatives of the crew, until another steamer arrives bringing letters from Vera Cruz.

The following is a summary of Jamaica news from our advices and files of papers:—

A vice-admiralty court had been held in Spanish Town for the trial of an individual who had kidnapped a boy in that island, and sold him into slavery in Cuba, where he remained suffering all the ills attendant upon that condition for ten years. The accused was found guilty, and adjudged to two years' imprisonment.

The House of Assembly had voted the sum of 3000 guineas towards the erection of a marble statue of Sir Charles Metcalfe, to be placed in the square in Spanish Town.

We regret to say that the arrangements in respect to the Royal Mail Steam Company's vessels are by no means regular, a circumstance much to be lamented, as it would appear, from Mr. M'Queen's letter, that the rules and regulations were good, but abused by those who had to carry them out.

The island is tolerably healthy. It had been visited during the past month with severe storms of thunder and lightning, accompanied by heavy rain, a circumstance of very unusual occurrence at this time of the year.

It is understood that the House of Assembly was to have been prorogued on the 16th December, in consequence of the Stamp Act having been (in effect) thrown out by their honours of the council.

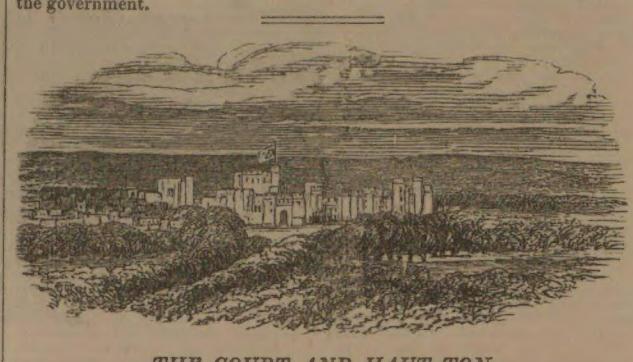
We have before us "a sketch of the island revenue for the year 1843, with the estimated contingencies for the same year." The island expenditure is put down at £108,297; and in this amount we observe is included "the tax on hereditaments," estimated annual value, £21,000.

ANTIGUA.—We regret to state that yellow fever still raged at Antigua to a melancholy extent. Oswald Wood, Esq., provost-marshal-general, his wife, and mother-in-law (who had not returned from England more than seven months), were taken off in the short space of twenty days.

DEMERA. — Among the acts passed at the late session of Parliament there is one which will have the effect to defeat the tax now imposed upon flour.

The duty upon American flour, under the new Colonial Customs Act, will be 2s. sterling per barrel, which is quite as much as it will be able to pay, and compete at all with the flour brought from England.

PORTUGAL.—The Iberia steamer arrived on Saturday morning at Falmouth with the Peninsular mails, having left Gibraltar on the 12th; Cadiz, the 13th; Lisbon, the 16th; and Oporto and Vigo, the 18th inst. Previously to her departure from Oporto, a telegraphic despatch was received from Lisbon by the governor, announcing that the address in answer to the speech from the throne, lately delivered, had been carried almost without discussion, by a majority of 69 to 21 votes. When former debates on the address have occupied several weeks, this very speedy settlement of the question is calculated to convey a favourable impression of the strength of the government.



THE COURT AND HAUT TON.

WINDSOR, SATURDAY.—Colonel Drummond, groom in waiting on her Majesty, left the castle for town late on Friday night, immediately the intelligence was conveyed to him of the attempted assassination of his brother.

SUNDAY.—Her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert, with the whole of the court, attended divine service in the private chapel within the castle. The Rev. Isaac Gossell officiated. In the afternoon her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert, attended by the whole of their suite, walked out on the terrace and in the royal grounds. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent attended divine service in the parish church. The Rev. S. Hawtrey officiated.

MONDAY.—Her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert took their accustomed walking exercise; and his Royal Highness Prince Albert afterwards rode out on horseback, attended by Colonel Bouvier. Colonel Drummond left in the morning for town, with the intention of returning to the castle to dinner; but at six o'clock a messenger arrived at the castle with the intelligence that his brother, Mr. E. Drummond, was much worse (the symptoms having taken an unfavourable change), and that the gallant Colonel, in consequence, would not return to the castle that night. The following personages arrived at the castle on a visit to her Majesty:—The Lord Chancellor and Lady Lyndhurst, the Marquis of Douglas, the Earl and Countess of Jersey, and Lady Clementina Villiers. The royal dinner-party included the following personages:—Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Jersey, Lady C. Villiers, the Viscountess Canning, Lady F. Howard, the Earl of Morton, the Marquis of Douglas, the Hon. Misses Liddell and Lister, Colonel Bouvier, Major-General Wemyss, the Hon. C. A. Murray, and Dr. Pratorius.

TUESDAY.—The same routine was observed by her Majesty and his Royal Highness as on the previous day. The Duchess of Norfolk returned to the castle to resume her duties as lady in waiting on her Majesty, his Grace the Duke of Norfolk having in a great measure recovered from a severe attack of catarrh. Intelligence was received at the castle that Mr. Drummond was no better. The report in the afternoon was equally unfavourable. The royal dinner-party included the following personages:—The Duchess of Norfolk, the Hon. Misses Liddell and Lister, the Lord Chancellor and Lady Lyndhurst, the Earl and Countess of Jersey, Lady Clementina Villiers, Lord Morton, Colonel Bouvier, the Hon. C. A. Murray, and Dr. Pratorius. It being now understood that her Majesty will not open Parliament in person, the departure of the court from Windsor will consequently be deferred for several weeks beyond the time previously spoken of.

WEDNESDAY.—This morning her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert took their usual walking exercise. The intelligence of the death of Mr. E. Drummond arrived at the castle at noon. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, Lady F. Howard, Lord Wriothesley Russell, Lord Anson, and Mr. G. E. and the Hon. Mrs. Anson joined the royal dinner party.

The following excellent observations from the *Morning Post*, on a subject deeply interesting to the nation at large, will be found well worthy the perusal and attention of those to whose hands it is entrusted, as leaders of *ton*, the ruin or prosperity of the metropolitan tradesmen:—The approach of that event which is destined to add to the happiness of her Majesty, and in which we

month, or early in March, and will remain in town two or three months, and then pass the summer at Bushy.

SIR GEORGE COCKBURN.—It is with deep regret that we learn, at the moment of going to press, that the condition of Sir George Cockburn has undergone no improvement. He still lies in a very precarious state, it being impossible to stop the haemorrhage from the lungs altogether. But slender hopes are, we are sorry to say, entertained of his recovery. The bulletin published on Thursday morning by Sir George's medical attendants was as follows:—“Sir George Cockburn has passed a good night, has less cough, with a manifest improvement of all the symptoms. ALEXANDER NISBET, M.D.; REYNOLDS JACKSON, M.R.C.S. Admiralty, 26th of Jan., 1843.”

COUNTRY NEWS.

CARMARTHEN.—FURTHER PARTICULARS OF REBECCA AND HER DAUGHTERS.—The lawless mob in the neighbourhood of St. Clear's have again committed a daring outrage. A few days since, the magistrates for the county met at the Shire Hall, Carmarthen, to deliberate respecting the riotous transactions at St. Clear's, during the past month, and to take measures for the apprehension of the ringleaders. The result has been that a troop of the Royal Marines from Milford, commanded by Captain Wilson, was stationed at St. Clear's, and a great number of the old pensioners from Carmarthen received orders to proceed to the same place; the reward for the apprehension of the offenders was also increased from £50 to £100. Notwithstanding these precautions, on Monday night last the rioters sent a message to the marines, to the effect that they were about to pay a visit to the gates, and that they should be glad to meet them. Between three and four o'clock in the morning a detachment of 20 marines, accompanied by four officers, set out for the gates, to ascertain if the men intended carrying their threat into execution. When they arrived at Trevaughan gate, it was found to have been levelled to the ground, and part of the toll-house destroyed. Not one of the rioters was, however, to be seen, they having dispersed in different directions after they had levelled the gates. On each of these excursions the mob, consisting of a large number of men and boys, all of them well mounted, and most of them dressed in women's clothes, and nearly all armed with guns, pistols, pitchforks, hay-knives, reaping-hooks, crow-bars, or some other weapon, are invariably headed by Rebecca, who is described as being a remarkably strong tall man, well disguised, and who appears to have unlimited authority over the lawless crew, who term themselves *her* children. The toll-keepers are dreadfully afraid of them, and the mob altogether is the terror of the surrounding country. (Next week we shall give a portrait of the amiable “Rebecca,” with a group of her hopeful family.)

DENBIGH.—BISHOPRIES OF ST. ASAPH AND BANGOR.—A large and influential meeting of the freeholders of the county of Denbigh, convened and presided over by the High Sheriff, was held at the Shire Hall, Ruthin, on the 21st inst., to petition Parliament for the repeal of an Act passed in the late reign, which proposes to unite in one Bishopric the present sees of St. Asaph and Bangor. Resolutions were moved and seconded by Viscount Dungannon, Hon. W. Bagot, M.P., Sir W.W. Wynn, M.P., T. Mainwaring, Esq., M.P., and a petition to both Houses of Parliament against the proposed union of the two dioceses and the alienation of their revenues to Manchester, was carried by acclamation. All ranks and parties seem unanimous upon this most important subject.

DURHAM.—THE INCOME-TAX.—In Durham and Northumberland the income-tax is pressing most heavily upon the working classes, as in consequence of it the masters are, in almost every instance, reducing the number of their servants, that they may be enabled to make up thereby for the sum which the tax detracts from their income. It is also complained that woodlands which produce 20s. 2d. and 30s. an acre, as they grow oak, hazel, or ash, are exempt from the tax, which exemption, it is alleged, was effected by the landowners who made the law.

EDINBURGH.—THE SCOTCH CHURCH.—The Stewarton case came on for judgment on Thursday week in the Court of Session, when the Lord President and Lord Mackenzie delivered their opinions against the legality of the *quoad sacra* parishes, and the admission of their ministers to the General Assembly. On Wednesday Lord Jeffrey and Lord Fullerton gave their judgments in favour of the Church. Their lordships delivered themselves at great length. The whole of the judges have now given their opinions, eight being against, and five in favour of the Church.

LANARKSHIRE.—We are much concerned to state that a large portion of the colliers in the mining districts of Lanarkshire are again out on strike, and the numbers are likely to be increased during the present week. The dispute has reference to the question of wages, but we are not fully informed as to particulars. With very trifling exceptions, the men have been peaceable and orderly.

DRAMATIC AND MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

DRURY LANE.—A new “getting up” of “Der Freischütz” is, we learn, in active preparation at this house, where, if the music may not be better performed than ever it was heretofore, we are led to expect, *inter alia*, an incantation scene that is to bewitch us out of our memory of even the gorgeous “King Arthur” himself. What next, we wonder, in the way of scenic splendour? Or shall we, when its resources are exhausted, return again to the enjoyment of other senses than that of vision?

COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. Bunn has just returned from the Continent with abundance of fresh supplies for our dramatic (in the novel acceptance of the word) entertainment in the course of the season, not the least amongst which will be the far-famed, universally-talked-of Fanny Elssler, who, with a worthy assistant ballet company, will appear at Covent Garden after Easter.

NATIONAL MINSTRELSY.—This week has been most prolific in the eloquent advocacy of the respective ancient melody of different localities forming Great Britain. England, Ireland, and Scotland have each had their zealous champion for supremacy; but while it would be invidious to give a preference to any one of them, as far as their own individual exertions have been concerned, perhaps a short inquiry into the merits of each cause may not be here obtrusive. That Ireland has boasted of the possession of national song in a peculiar and idiomatic character long anterior to the pretensions of her Sister Countries has been allowed on all hands. English, Scotch, and Cambrian writers (by the way, where is the Gallic champion?) all concur in granting that she was to them the motherland of not only the music, but of most of the musical instruments, which they first imported, and afterwards adopted so fondly as to lay claim to their invention. A royal writer of Scotland has declared it as his opinion that there was not a Scotch melody of greater antiquity than two centuries; and it is well known that many beautiful airs claimed by our friends north of Tweed (witness “Auld Robin Gray” and “Within a mile”) have been the productions of Englishmen. Let it not be imagined for a moment that any slight is here cast upon the national music of Scotland; for she decidedly does now possess one—and one of a most captivating and poetical character. All that is asserted is, that she borrowed her music, in the first instance, from Erin, however she may have remodelled or disguised it, and that, on the score of antiquity, she must yield to the bards of the *insula sacra*, not *insula sanctorum*, as its ancient appellative has been modernized into erroneously. Giraldus Cambrensis, on the part of the Welsh, admits of the introduction of the harp into Wales from Ireland; while hosts of English historians, also, bear witness of the superiority of the ancient Irish in the “*ars divinior musicae*.” But we are insensibly falling into a national controversy, when it is more properly our business to record our testimony of the delightful manner in which the subject has been, to use a pet phrase of our own, *illustrated* by Messrs. Wilson, White, Crouch, and Horncastle, by their respective musical, critical, and historical lectures with which they have been lately delighting the public. We will begin with Mr. Wilson; because in a great degree, if not wholly, the mode of such instruction and gratification originated with him, however successfully he has been followed and rivalled. This gentleman possesses many rare and opposite requisites to a popular and pleasing lecturer, but seldom united in one individual. He is well acquainted with that part of anecdotical history which throws an air of romance about his entertainment, and imparts a chivalrous interest to some of his details which the dry chronicler would either overlook or affect to despise,

and exhibits in others of more familiar and domestic nature a verisimilitude which convinces us that *haut inexpertus loquitur*. Added to this he possesses most agreeable delivery, and a voice that breathes forth most touchingly, and occasionally, with great energy, whatever subject he undertakes to illustrate by its descriptive and versatile power. Somewhat his inferiors in this latter particular, Messrs. White, Crouch, and Horncastle evince some other perfections which eminently qualify them for this novel and delightful species of entertainment. Mr. White sings in his native language (the Gaslic) several traditional Irish songs and ancient bardic melodies, which, although unintelligible to most of the natives of this country, he contrives to make “discourse most eloquent music.” Moreover, his portions of the lecture are of the highest interest to the philologist and antiquarian. Mr. Crouch's “Echoes of the Lakes,” if he be not an Irishman, show how deeply he is imbued with Irish feeling, some of his melodies being worthy of a Conallan or Carolan; for instance, his “Kathleen ma youneen,” which is the very soul of “sweet but mournful song.” In addition to their own powers, these *Archaeas ambo* have gallantly called to their aid the assistance of Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, the Misses Lyon, and other artistes, whose charming powers seem to luxuriate in this new field of minstrelsy.

As we are on an Irish subject, we must claim Mr. Horncastle's indulgence for the present, and plead our inability, like Sir Boyle, to be in two places at once. We will devote a future notice to that gentleman's lecture on the like increasingly-popular subject—NATIONAL MINSTRELSY.

NATIONAL MUSIC HALL.—We perceive by an advertisement in the *Times* that the much-talked-of National Music Hall has at length been determined upon, under the immediate patronage of Prince Albert, and the most distinguished noblesse of the land. It is to be hoped that this edifice will be the exclusive temple of harmony, and that it will not be desecrated by aught tending to interrupt “glee and good humour,” but that it may prove to be “such a structure” as “Glorious Apollo” might commission Polyhymnia to superintend.

MR. STERNDALE BENNETT'S CONCERT.—The second concert of this gentleman's classical series took place at his own residence in Charlotte-street, on Monday evening last, which, like the former, gave the highest possible satisfaction and delight to an *élite* of professional and amateur musicians.

THE THEATRES.

COVENT GARDEN.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS. A Comedy in Five Acts. By ROBERT BELL, Esq.

Two characters are frequently seen in the domestic circle, deserving of our warmest sympathies. The “Governess” and the “Companion” are of the oppressed in the social system—often the most oppressed; but of these two positions that of the defendant is the most to be pitied, for she is of gentle blood, and has not been prepared, perhaps, like the brought-up governess, to bear with the cool and studied contempt of “Mothers and Daughters.” *Mabel Trevor*, admitted as the defendant in the *Manifold* family, has to submit to the insolence of *Lady Manifold*, a widow of rank and fortune, and to the caprices of her only daughter, *Emily Manifold*. The mother is an indefatigable intriguer, and a first-rate matrimonial “manceuvress.” Having made a runaway match herself, her anxiety is to accomplish the marriage of her child without the slightest regard to her feelings and wishes. It is perfectly immaterial whether the intended be young or old; his claims to her favour are rank and fortune—actual or prospective. *Lady Manifold*, whilst thus engaged as the match-making mother, has also an eye to re-enter the matrimonial state herself. With this double object, she fixes on four of her acquaintances to carry out her plan. *Lord Merlin* is her principal game. His lordship, for the greater period of his life, had been a staid, sedate, studious commoner, and a bachelor withal. By an unexpected mortality in his family he acquires a peerage, with a large fortune, and suddenly changes his comparatively hermit's cell for the brilliant career of a man of fashion; not from any affection for a life of frivolity and luxurious ease, but from his natural anxiety to superintend the future prospects of his nephew, *Mr. Sandford*, whom he proposes to leave the heir of his vast estates. *Lord Merlin* is a shrewd observer, and has a keen perception of all that is passing around him. If he permits himself to be robbed by his rascally valet *Loop*, his lordship trusts to the sterling honesty of his old servant *Blount*, to prevent the mischief from going too far. He is desirous that *Sandford*, or *Bob*, as he calls his nephew, should see life in all its phases, but he is peculiarly sensitive as to the alliance which *Bob* may form; and the latter, having a strong impression that this is a sore point with his uncle, is frank on all subjects save the essential one. *Sandford*, therefore, is the secondary game to be brought down by the ambitious *Lady Manifold*. Her third bird is *Sir Gregory Plump*, a hearty old cock, an old and tried friend of *Lord Merlin*, and an admirer both of *Lady Manifold* and her fortune. The fourth instrument of the artful and specious mother is a half-pay captain—a half adventurer, as well—living on 3s. 4d. per day, named *Swinford Hastings Montague*. He, however, is considered by the worldly mamma as a mere useful hanger on, whom she can play off against the peer, just as she sets off the defendant against the daughter. And here is the melancholy illustration of a domestic drama. The daughter is drilled to have the air of an *ingénue*. Her language is *naïve*, and she seems to be totally innocent of worldly ways. In point of fact, however, she is artful as well as silly; heartless, except for self; and thoroughly disposed to act against her mother's schemes, and choose a *caro sposo* for herself. She has for *Abigail* the worthless and novel-reading *Rose*, who aids and abets her weak and inconsistent young mistress in the thwarting of the mother. By a curious coincidence, *Lady Manifold* selects the captain, who is the lover of her daughter, to entrap the peer; and the defendant, whom she had engaged as the foil for her daughter, defeats her plans—*Sandford*, despite of her quiet, unobtrusive manner, having fallen desperately in love with the neglected *Mabel*. The orphan defendant glides into the drawing-room unseen and unobserved; the most obscure seat is chosen; and, if a wandering eye recognizes, in the pale visage and wasted form, some object to touch the heart, quickly is the sympathetic inquirer checked by the cold and calculating mother, that *she*, the defendant, is *only* a companion to her daughter—that she has been picked up, poor thing, from mere charity—that *Emily* was *so* kind-hearted that she would have the orphan as her friend, although she (the orphan) had little mind and less accomplishments, and was always moping. Is it then to be wondered that *Mabel* listens to the first kind word that catches her ear, and, when that kind word emanates from a young, frank, and generous man, that she quickly responds affirmatively to the ardent assurances of eternal affection from *Sandford*? Her dream is of brief duration. A scene with his uncle makes *Sandford* believe that he will be disinherited if he prosecutes his suit with *Mabel*. Madly he communicates to her the impossibility of the marriage, coupling it with some indirect allusion to the dishonourable alternative of existing with *Mabel*. Here the pure and beautiful sentiments of the defendant break forth with admirable truth and force. Her proud spirit, confined as it had been by long persecution, comes out with electrifying effect. She spurns the proposal and the proposer, and more than this, when she receives a letter from *Sandford* after she had rejected him for ever, she seeks an interview with the peer, and she tells her touching tale. She begins by describing the unfortunate career of her mother, who had made a stolen and bad match, who died in poverty and obscurity. She depicts her situation in the *Manifold* family; having no menial offices to perform it is true, she is treated worse than a menial. She dilates on the first expressions of sympathy

which she receives. She admits her credulity in believing declarations of fidelity. She burns with shame in mentioning the dishonourable proposal, and with overwhelming indignation she boldly interrogates the peer, and asks him whether family considerations justified her lover, first in abandoning his honourable pretensions for fear of a relation's wrath, and next in daring to insult misfortune by an infamous proffer. *Lord Merlin* unhesitatingly responds to *Mabel*'s appeal by siding with the destitute orphan, and then is dumbfounded by the appalling communication that the false and treacherous lover was his own nephew. The peer is as noble-minded as he is titled. He resolves that reparation shall be made, and his inflexibility becomes the more stern when he recognises in *Mabel* the child of his early love. It was the mother of the defendant who had jilted the peer, and it was the nephew of the peer who wished to dishonour the daughter of his first and only attachment. *Mabel*, to prove *Sandford*'s scoundrelism, had placed the unsealed letter addressed to her by him the morning after his dishonourable conduct in the peer's hands; but the letter establishes the innocence of *Sandford*, for it was one of repentance and not of insult; one of reparation in fact, offering his hand and heart even at the risk of his uncle's displeasure. The *dénouement* may be imagined. The peer is overjoyed at the union of *Mabel* and *Bob*, as he again calls his nephew, and the kind-hearted nobleman is moreover instrumental in reconciling *Lady Manifold* to the marriage that had taken place between the *Captain* and *Emily*, the mother having, the same day that her daughter had eloped, been united to *Sir Gregory Plump*.

Such is the outline of the story of Mr. Bell's new comedy, produced on Tuesday night, with unequivocal and, as we consider, with deserved success. Mr. Bell is already known as a dramatic author by his comedy of *Marriage*, and has long been recognised as a powerful political writer, as well as an acute critic. Mr. Bell has varied powers. His “History of Russia” and his “Lives of the Poets” exemplify this; whilst his natural talents were manifested in a memorable action for libel when he was editor of the *Atlas*, defending the case in person with such tact, elegance, and good taste as rendered the cause one of the most celebrated in legal annals. It may not be considered too much to add that he is, at the same time, a generous and kind-hearted man, who has secured for himself the respect and esteem of men of all shades of opinion. The present production bears the impress of his kindly feelings. There is nothing dark, depraved, nor thoroughly vicious in his “Mothers and Daughters.” He sketches society as he finds it constituted, but he is anxious to find a redeeming point in every character. Thus he makes the match-making mother, with all her worldly notions, feel a maternal touch at the conclusion; and, although the daughter has, by her false and hollow system, disappointed her dearest expectations, still the mother cannot throw her off, despite of the marriage with the captain without a shilling—living only in the season, and laid up, like a ship in ordinary (to borrow the author's simile) during the off months. Nay, the captain, adventurer as he is, writing his “Life and Times,” albeit confined in his career to a merely skimming of the surface of fashionable society, has his good parts, for he never runs in debt. The comedy was thus cast:—

Lady Manifold	Mrs. Orger.
Emily Manifold	Mrs. W. Lacy.
Mabel Trevor	Miss Vandenhoff.
Rose	Mrs. Humby.
Lord Merlin	Mr. Vandenhoff.
Sir Gregory Plump	Mr. Bartley.
Mr. Sandford	Mr. Cooper.
Capt. Swinford Hastings Montague	Mr. Harley.
Blount	Mr. Meadows.
Loop	Mr. Wigan.

The author, we are pained to state frankly, was most cruelly used by his artists. We should presume that this comedy was intended for the Haymarket, and that Mr. Bell took measure of Mr. W. Farren for the part of *Lord Merlin*. Not that we mean to insinuate that Mr. Vandenhoff was a totally inadequate representative of the peer, but he was much too slow. He dragged the dialogue terribly; and it was partly his fault, with his brother performers, that three hours and a half were consumed in getting through the play—which not the less requires pruning, in the third as well as in the last act. Vandenhoff made one great hit in the *dénouement*, nevertheless, in his exclamation of *Bob*, which he gave with Dutton's *Sir Anthony Absolute gusto*. Nothing could be more unfortunate than Mr. Cooper's experience of at least half a century as the juvenile lover. If the comedy had been intended as a burlesque, Cooper's first entrance, with a short blue jacket, white hat, and tight unmentionables, would have been *unique*; but, if we are to have genteel comedy, pray, Mr. Cooper, give us skirts for the future. Harley was Harley, and—*voilà tout*. The captain, we think, might have been created a part—as it was, he was a bore. Mrs. Orger gave a coarse sketch of the intriguing mother, but there was no deficiency of vigour and vivacity in her performance; and the daughter found an artistic representative in Mrs. W. Lacy, although a shade too vulgar. The same remarks will apply to Mrs. Humby's *Rose*, whose reading of a love-letter dictated by a fortune-telling at cards, “about a dark man, and something about a child, that she couldn't make out,” was rich and racy enough. But the author had ample justice done to him by the exquisite creation of the defendant's part by Miss Vandenhoff, who, in the two scenes where she discards her lover, and tells her history to the peer, commanded the earnest attention of the auditory, and drew mingled tears and applause from all sides. The patient and subdued attitude of her early scenes, as the companion, and her fire, energy, and touching feeling in the latter portions of the play, contributed mainly to its eventual success. We need scarcely add that the *mise en scène* was appropriate and complete—the Bradwell and Grieves are always guarantees for such a result.

To resume our opinion of Mr. Bell's comedy, we should say that its title is certainly a misnomer. There is but one mother and one daughter. It is true they represent a class, and, as we think, a numerous one, but a better class might have been placed in juxtaposition. It should have been called, properly speaking, “The Defendant,” for she is a really original creation of Mr. Bell, and a perfect picture she makes: but *relief* is certainly wanted; and much as the author has suffered from the performers, we question whether the greatest skill could have rendered eminently effective some of the sketches which Mr. Bell has called into life. The objection found to this comedy by some persons, that all the parts may be traced to other comedies, is scarcely fair. If an author was to be compelled to wait until the social system started new characters, we should have no new comedies. The cry of the critics is for novelty—novelty, and when it comes, even in the shape of a *rechauffée*, with some additional spice thrown in the dish, these are not the times to be over fastidious. Mr. Bell has given the world two comedies, and why should he not write another and another. Let those who would cavil at the talent in the market try their own hand. *En attendant*, if we cannot find a Congreve or a Farquhar, let us have, if you will, Mortons or Inchbalds; but keep us from “*Perdrix—toujours perdrix*,” at all events; and if one beautiful creation emanates out of half-a-dozen old acquaintances with new faces, we are disposed to hail it with enthusiasm, and therefore say we, a long life to the fair *Defendant*, until Mr. Bell, out of his fertile resources, makes a fresh discovery. It appeared to us that the audience of Tuesday night shared our opinion, for the comedy was announced by Mr. Vandenhoff for repetition; and the author was compelled to bow from his box amidst unanimous approbation; and when a few excrescences are lopped off, mothers and daughters, we trust, may take a good lesson out of the last new comedy.



CURLING MATCH.

Our northern brethren have a fine athletic game peculiar to the country, called *curling*—a word strange to southron ear, at least in connection with a manly sport. Winter is the season for enjoying the exercise, and when the Scottish lakes are frozen over, *curling* becomes the order of the day. Ever alive to give pictorial evidence of what may be the passing feature of the moment, a recent grand curling match which the Scottish papers have reported affords us favourable opportunity for familiarizing our English readers with one source of healthful and amusing relaxation to the denizens of a cold country at a cold season. Our engraving will at once explain the character of the game; but although the means are simple—requiring no expensive horses, well-kept hounds, valuable yachts, preserved manors, or other costly adjuncts—yet for sturdy exercise and high excitement *curling* is not excelled by any of the more exclusive enjoyments. Whilst the skill and dexterity of the player are tested to the utmost, the very progress of the sport tends to increase the sum of that strength and activity which it calls into play, and health and pleasant recreation go hand in hand together in sisterly companionship.

Now turn we to the notice of the late affair to which our remarks and illustration alike have reference. We quote from the *Perth Courier* :—

MEETING OF THE GRAND CALEDONIAN CURLING CLUB.

On Thursday fortnight the first meeting for competition of the different clubs, composing this united association, took place here. The day selected was the first on which the ice was sufficiently strong for the purpose, and from the break of the weather the following night, it is likely to prove the only one, within a considerable period, on which the object of the meeting could have been attained. The day, in addition, was unquestionably the finest of the winter; the frost was moderate, and the sun shone throughout with unclouded brilliancy.

The scene of competition was a pond upon Mr. Murie's farm of Windygedge. At an early hour the carriages with county families and intending competitors began to arrive. There were delegations from no fewer than eighteen clubs present, including several gentlemen from Edinburgh, and

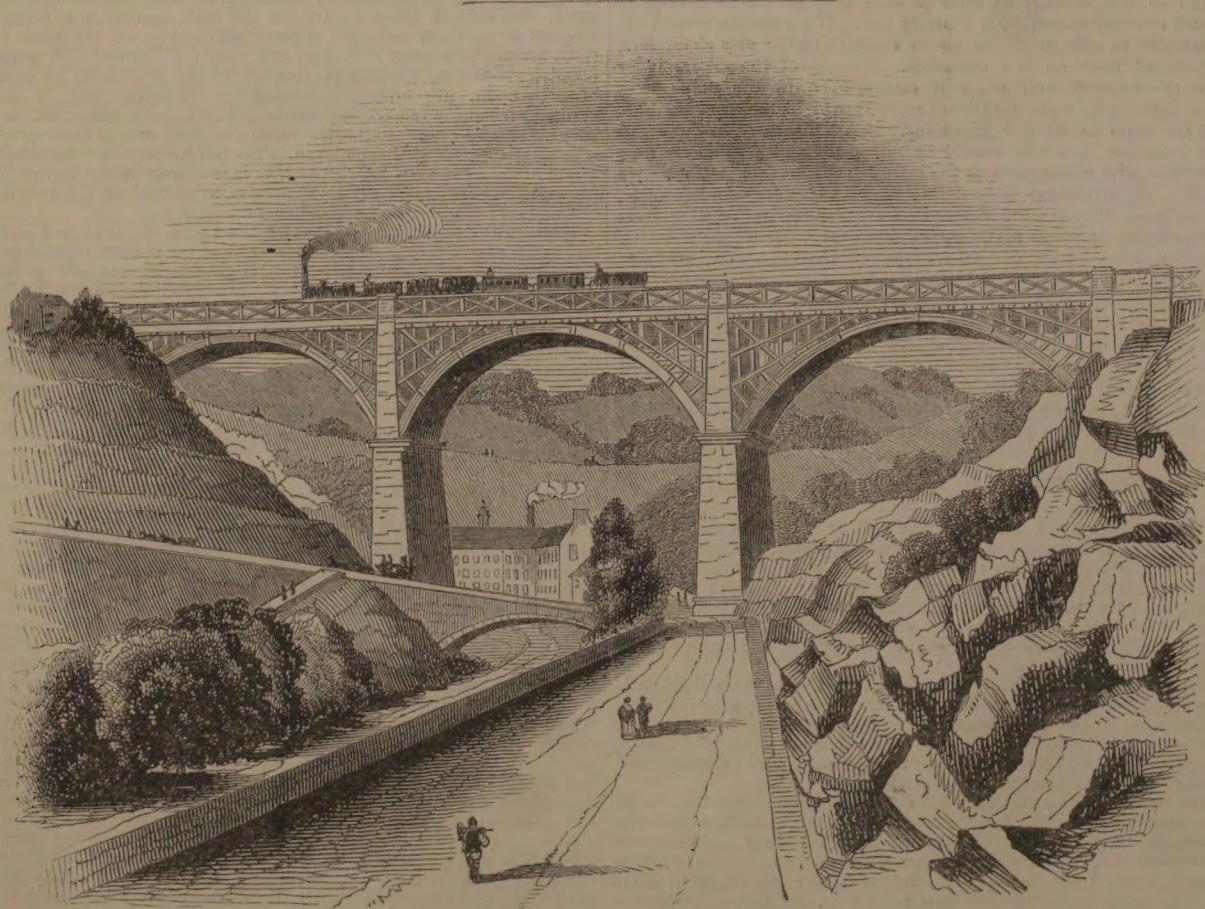
the adjoining counties of Fife, Forfar, and Stirling. The scene upon the ice exceeded in brilliancy and animation any previous similar occasion in this, or perhaps any other district in Scotland. Altogether, there could not have been less than a thousand individuals present, comprising the greater part of the county families of the district, and many strangers. Among the company we observed several noble lords, the Right Hon. Fox Maule, M.P., the officers of the 68th, and various other parties of rank, wealth, and respectability.

The Earl of Kinnoull had caused a liberal lunch to be provided; and never, certainly, was the hospitality of the noble earl exhibited on such a scale before. His lordship himself, his amiable countess, and Lord Dupperlin, were unremitting in their attentions to the comfort of all present; and a more pleasing sight could not have been witnessed than the cordial manner in which landed proprietors and tenants were associated on this occasion.

By twelve o'clock 18 rinks had been arranged, each consisting of four players a-side: and as the match agreed upon was the right bank of the Tay against the left, which made a nearly equal division of the clubs represented on this occasion, a fair competition was secured. At the hour mentioned, a gun was fired as a signal, and the roaring play commenced with great spirit. At three o'clock a similar signal was again given, to cease playing, when, on taking the results of the different rinks, the east side of the Tay were found to be the victors by 35 shots. Among the victors were the Right Hon. Fox Maule, M.P., the Earl of Mansfield, and Drs. Wyllie and Halket. The number of shots gained was—Left bank, 339; Right bank, 304; majority, 35.

By four o'clock the ice was cleared, and the great body of the players had adjourned to the County Hall, Perth, where, at five o'clock, about 200 gentlemen were assembled to partake of curler's fare. The Earl of Mansfield, President of the Grand Club, was in the chair, and presided over the festivities in the true spirit of the meeting. The noble chairman was supported on the right by Fox Maule, M.P., Captain Houston Stewart, Mr. Grant of Kilraston, Captain Osborne, &c.; and on the left by the Master of Strathallan, Hon. Captain David Murray, Sir John S. Richardson, Rev. Dr. Esdale, &c. Dr. Renton of Edinburgh, and Mr. Hogarth, Cupar-Fife, were the croupiers. The bugle band of the 68th were in attendance, and added much to the pleasure and effect of the occasion.

Long may athletic games meet encouragement say we, and long may the noblemen and gentlemen of the Caledonian Club find relish for the old national game which they have so recently been enjoying.



THE ETHERON VIADUCT ON THE SHEFFIELD AND MANCHESTER RAILWAY.

It may be truly said in after times that the nineteenth century was a bright era in the history of science in this country: the rapid progress of commerce, to which it owes its greatness, has produced this result. Were we to enumerate the turnpike-roads, canals, docks, manufactures, and last, and greatest, the railroads, which the trade of this country has called into existence, it would far outstretch even

the proudest record of the power and energy of civilized man which any age or country can produce. The illustration which stands at the head of this article is but another added to the many proofs of the attainments of English science. Never, perhaps, since the great Telford stretched the arm of his powerful genius across the Menai Straits, and reared in mid air an iron chain to curb and restrain, as

it were, the hitherto undisputed sway of the great ocean, has the world of science seen a work more worthy of regard than the one under notice, for its boldness, grandeur, and simplicity; showing as it does perfect command over the resources at hand, and beautiful economy in their disposal. It crosses the river Etheron at an altitude of 136 feet; and in order that the reader may better understand the locality of this stupendous work, we may describe it as a natural outlet or gorge for the water collected in the mountain dales of Glossop and Longden, which unite a short distance higher up, and form the Etheron, a tributary of the Mersey. The valley gradually contracts, so as to bear, at the place we are describing, a strong resemblance to the Matlock-dale, near the High Tor. It is impossible to conceive the panoramic effect of the grand scenery from the bridge on passing over—on one side the view opens to the plains of Cheshire, whilst on the other is seen the picturesque vale of Longden, terminated by the great range of hills known as the backbone of England.

We have been favoured with the following description of the dimensions and construction of the bridge by Mr. Alfred Jee, the resident engineer:—The line of the Sheffield and Manchester Railway is carried over the river Etheron by a viaduct of three arches. The extreme height, from the foundations to the top of the viaduct, is 136 feet. The arches are composed of three timber ribs to each arch, formed of 3-inch planks put together on the laminating principle, with tar and strong brown paper between each layer of planks. The centre arch is 150 feet span, and 40 feet versed sine. The western arch is 133 feet, and the eastern 120 feet span, the radius of each being the same as the centre arch, so that the thrust upon the piers is rendered as equal as possible. The whole of the ribs are 5 feet in depth; those in the centre of each arch are 2 feet 4 inches wide, and those at the outside 1 foot 10 inches. The spandrels are composed of timber framing, upon which are placed the main longitudinal beams, which carry the cross joisting and the half bulkheads upon which the rails and chairs are fastened. The cross joists are 5 feet apart from centre to centre.

The three ribs in each arch are firmly braced together by diagonal and cross stays of timber and wrought-iron rods. The foundations of the piers and abutments are laid upon solid rock. The piers at the base, above the forking, are 43 feet 6 inches by 22 feet 6 inches, and at the springing of the arches, 35 feet by 15 feet. The width of the roadway, on the top, is 22 feet 6 inches. The whole of the stonework is of solid ashlar (the millstone grit), and was brought from the neighbourhood of Tintwistle, a distance of five miles: it is of excellent quality. The timber is from the Baltic, all dressed with the plane, and has been immersed in a solution of the sulphate of copper, to render it impervious to the dry rot or the attacks of insects. The quantity of stone is about 200,000 cubic feet; and of Memel timber, 31,700 cubic feet; weight of cast iron work, 41 tons, and of wrought iron, 43 tons.

The total cost of the viaduct is about £25,000; and it has been executed throughout in a very satisfactory manner, by Mr. Richard Hattersley, the contractor, in the short space of fifteen months—having been commenced in October, 1841, and finished in December, 1842.

Mr. Locke, whose name stands deservedly high amongst the eminent engineers of the day, may with truth be satisfied with this bold effort of his genius. Its strength and beautiful simplicity are at once apparent; whilst the cheapness of its construction forms one, and not the least, of its recommendations as a study for imitation.

The old bridge, which is seen in the foreground, crosses the Etheron at a single span, and was formerly considered one of the wonders of the neighbourhood. The point whence the view is taken shows the general effect of the scene, but fully to *feel* the gigantic size of the structure the observer should stand on the old bridge.

The viaduct is situated ten miles from Manchester, near the extensive mills of Messrs. Sidebottom, whose wealth and spirit have materially assisted the progress of this railway from its commencement. There is a station near the viaduct, and trains every hour, so that there is great facility for inspecting this extraordinary work; of which, we understand, numbers daily avail themselves.

We are indebted for the above sketch to Mr. Wightman, of Sheffield, the eminent architect.

ALFRED CROWQUILL'S SKETCHES.



LONG COACHMEN.

Alas! for the days that are gone! Shorn are the glories of the "whip"; long coachmen are no more; the last guard has wound his farewell notes upon his horn as a doleful dirge to the departed spirits of the jolly band; and along with them every delight of travelling has passed away for ever. No more shall we have the good fortune to "book" the "box" to the envy of all the other "outsides," or be the pleased auditor of all the good things uttered on the passing or rather passed occurrences. No more shall we share that throne where the long coachman reigned a king, beloved by all his subjects; no, the *reins* of these monarchs are at an end. Joy ever accompanied him on his "progress," all, from the shepherd to the squire, greeted him with a smile of welcome or a short nod of recognition, for he was the link between them and the great world; a gleam of sunshine glancing across the shady way, a pleasant note of music breaking through the rural monotony.

The village Crispin unstrapped his lapstone, the barber left some carrott poll half-cropped, to join the gaping group and admire the "change" of the four spirited animals.

But above all was the admiration bestowed upon the "great" man himself and his "appointments," his unexceptionable "tops," the folds of the companion shawl, the magical twist of the long lash around the spiral handle as he threw it to the "helper," who had caught it with such practised dexterity for many years, and which "trick" still continued to excite the applause of the by-standers. Then, again, with what inimitable importance would he lounge into the inn and condescend to "trifle" with the ever-ready and tempting lunch; with what a racy Falstaffian humour did he joke, and how would the smart and rosy hostess and her daughter, the bar-

maid, giggle and blush; for your genuine coachman is invariably a lady's man.

His dash forward after the warning "hold hard," and the rejoinder of "all right" was truly magnificent, as he rattled over the village stones; while his perfect command of the "fresh" and apparently unmanageable "four," the crack of the "whip" as he acknowledged the friendly nods of his acquaintance, all tended to express the tacit boast of "You see how I tool the tits,—Lor' bless yer, its nothin' to me!" And where is the wayfarer would not turn to gaze after the enlivening apparition as long as it remained in sight. It was perfection! but it has departed and left a void in the very heart of the rural districts never to be filled; the weeds encroach upon the once frequented ways; long rows of once commodious "stabling" are dark, still, and untenanted; the neglected doors fall from their hinges; the grand old inn, the heart and vitality of the place, stands a cheerless ruin, and the moss grows upon its never-trodden steps. Where are the many cheerful voices, where the throng of servants who were playmates in childhood and in manhood clustered round their pleasant hearths? The tenantless cottages, the cold, dark, and useless "smithy" answer gone! all gone! sad wanderers from their deserted village!



A few "desperate" men have indeed attempted to drive a *pair-horse* coach through the scenes of their former glory, but failed; their sceptres had fallen from their hands; two horses! the idea was ridiculous; and they deeply experienced all the bitterness of their fallen state.

I accidentally discovered one melancholy man, sulking away the fag-end of his existence in the privileged parlour of a little sporting house. To mistake him for anything but a coachman was impossible. The same voluminous garb, the "knowing" tie of the shawl, the memorable "tops," thrust forward in a straight line from the hips (for who ever knew a coachman—a real coachman—cross his legs?), glossy as when the soles pressed the foot-board, and, although rather the worse for wear, their very appearance produced a pleasant reminiscence of days gone by.

The professional nod welcomed me: by the way, a coachman's nod is not easy of attainment, and the difficulty lies in the rapidity and shortness of it; a novice—nay, any one *but* a coachman attempting it must inevitably leave his hat on the road.

A glass of brandy and water stood at his elbow; and he sighed as he observed my eyes directed towards the highly-varnished representations of departed "fours" which adorned the walls.

"Ah! sir," said he, venting a profound sigh with the smoke of his pipe, "they'll be never seen again, 'cept in effigy! 'twas a cruel consarn, sir, just as we'd come to perfection, and beat the world, as I may say. Vy, ve changed on my 'line' the whole 'four,' sir, in three minutes! Think o' that, sir; jist time to wipe the dust out o' my eyes, and off agin. A wonderful thing, sir; vy, I take it, as our babbies' babbies, ven they sees them ere pictures, will never be persuaded as they vos real, but on'y allegories!" He here took a long pull at his grog, and continued—"That ere vun with the four bays vos poor Bob Pointer's drag. He vos the man, to be sure, the best o' the werry best; but he's dead and gone, and lucky for him! for vot's the use of a man's living ven he hasn't got vun? He vos rather a fast un, 'cos he got among the nobs and the champayne, for he vos a first-rate. But, Lor' bless you! on'y to see that chap handle the lot; it vos a'most a miracle! No flourishing, but altogether; not a flake o' sweat on vun horse more nor another; no firing o' minit guns out of his thong, for he never used his vip without a cause; but, by jingo! ven he *did* hit, he'd lift a hoss bang off his four legs! To see him handle the ribbins vos vat I call slap up, and no mistake. No pulling here nor pulling there; but, Lor', he played 'em like a piammer; so dellikit yet firm, that I do werily believe as he would ha' driv four ladies without hurting a mouth of ere a vun on 'em?"

"That ere red 'Taliator vos my brother Ben's—ve vos werry fond of each other.—He druv the 'up' as I druv the 'down.' Day after day we lifted our vips as we passed, and werry seldom more, 'cept ven a strap or a buckle, may be, *would* come undone at the place where we meet, ven we could cabbage a moment to speak about the 'old man' (who druv the heavy blue on the Dover line), if so be either vun had h'ard anythink about him, vich vos werry seldom, for he couldn't come to us and we couldn't go to him for a matter o' nine year, vich happened ven death vipped him off the road and ve went to his burying—here's to you, Sir!

"Them ere two, sir, on t'other side, in the same picture, with thin veels, looking like Cat'un veels, and all the cattle down to their vork, with a devil take the hindmost sort o' look—that's me, sir, on the off drag. Ah! that was the time o' day, sir, ven nobody wouldn't go by us 'cept convicts, paupers, and game, and ve tipped the 'pike-men to keep pails o' vater ready to put the fire out in the boxes o' the veels! People as had large families al'ays sent 'em out to play in the roads, for there vos no pulling up, and the mutton and pork as we killed beat the whole tote o' the butchers on the line; but in a case were your *honour* like is consarned proprietors don't stick at trifles. The hopposition vos gratis as we vos, and our pride vos who'd have the most, in course! Wenture-some people is scarce, and sometimes I've bin hard driv to vop t'other, but needs must ven the devil drives, and many and many an old 'oman and idler have I grabbed agin their vill, and who warn't agoing nowhere, and actilly taken 'em 'right through' at the proprietors' expense."

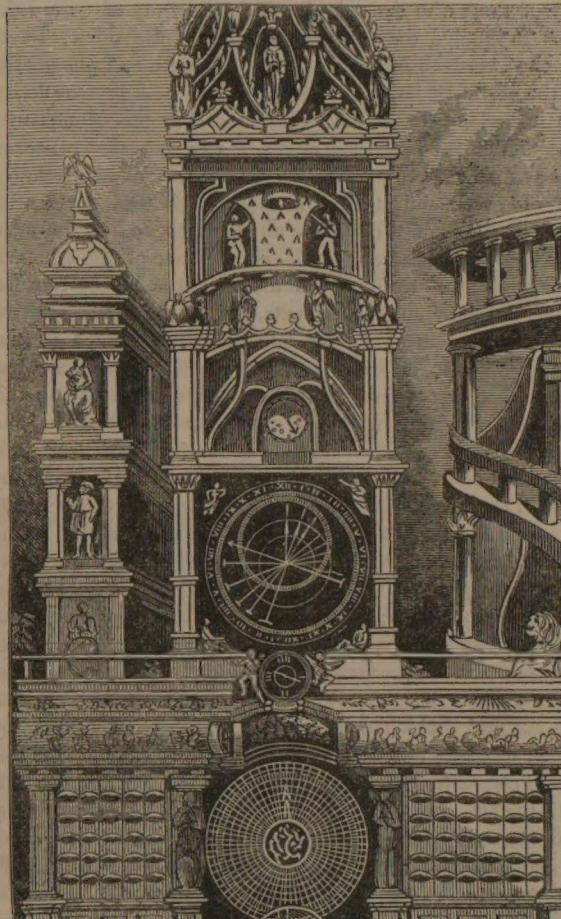
As he spoke the jolly face of the old coachman loomed large and red; his blue eyes twinkled, his arms were extended, and his feet pressed firmly against the fender.—Animated by his darling theme, he imagined himself again on the box—when a shrill whistle burst upon our ears, the signal of some railway train in the neighbourhood—the effect was truly magical—the capacious man shrunk

within himself—he struck his low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat over his eyes with a groan (it might have been a smothered oath!), and rushed from the room.



THE GREAT CLOCK AT STRASBURG.

The interest of this master-piece of mechanism (sometimes called the "Monster Clock") has "taken a new turn" by its having been recently repaired, and exhibited to the Scientific Congress, held a short time since at Strasburg. By some of our contemporaries this repair has been described as a new construction, whereas the clock itself has been celebrated for the great variety and complication of its movements for nearly five centuries. It was begun in 1352, and it was placed in the spire of the cathedral at Strasburg in 1370. On the dial-plate was then shown a celestial globe with the motions of the sun, moon, earth, and planets, and the phases of the moon; also a sort of perpetual almanack; on which the day of the month was pointed out by a statue: it had also the golden figure of a cock, which, at each hour, flapped its wings and crowed twice!—the hour being struck on a bell by the figure of an angel, who opened the door and saluted the Virgin; and near him stood another angel who held an hour-glass, which he turned as soon as the striking was finished; the first quarter being struck by a child with an apple, the second by a youth with an arrow, the third by a man with a staff, and the fourth and last quarter by an aged man with his crutch.



THE GREAT CLOCK AT STRASBURG.

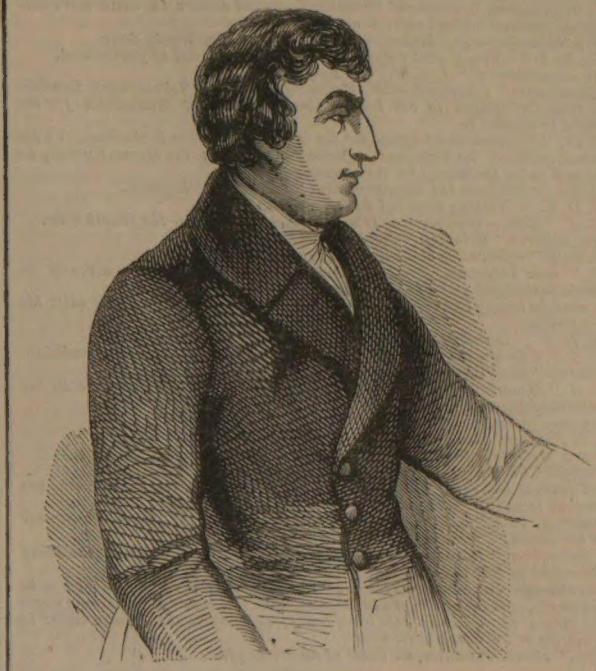
This clock was, however, much altered from the original, by Conradus Dasypodius, Professor of Mathematics at Strasburg, who began his labours in 1571, and replaced the clock, complete, in the spire of the cathedral, in 1574. The basement of the clock shows three dial-plates, one of which, in the centre, is round, and made up of several concentric circles, the two interior ones performing their revolutions in a year, and thus serving as a calendar. The two lateral dial-plates are squares, and indicate the eclipses of the sun and moon. Above the middle dial-plate the days of the week are represented by different divinities, supposed to preside over the planets, from which they are named. The divinity of the current day appears in a car, rolling over the clouds, and at night gives place to the succeeding one. Before the basement is displayed a globe, borne on the wings of a pelican, round which revolve the sun and moon, the mechanism being in the body of the bird.

Above the central dial is a smaller dial for the minutes of the hour, with a child on the north and south sides, with the sceptre and hour-glass as before described. Above this minute-dial, in the first stage of the central turret, is a dial-plate with an hour-circle, and within it an astrolabe, showing the motion of every planet, his aspect, and in what sign, degree, and hour, every one is in at each hour of the day; the opposition likewise of the sun and moon, and the head and tail of the dragon. Above this circle is a smaller one, with the two signs of the moon's rising and falling, and index of her state and age. Over this dial are the four figures to strike the quarters on bells, as in the old clock; these figures are followed by Death, who is expelled by our Saviour rising from the grave, who, however, permits Death to sound the hour; one angel also strikes a bell with a sceptre, and the other turns an hour-glass at the expiration of each hour. In the top of the tower is a chime, which plays three airs and a thanksgiving; after which the golden cock on the north tower flaps his wings and crows as before. In the years 1625 and 1630, it was struck by lightning, after which it remained for a long time "quite dumb and dead."

The recent repair of this clock has occupied the mechanician, M. Schilgue, four years. The cock-crow, which had been mute since 1789, has been reproduced; and mechanism added by which at midnight, on December 31, the moveable feasts and fasts range themselves in the calendar, and the succession they will appear in during the next year. The entire work excited considerable interest among the savans forming the congress recently held at Strasburg, and will add to the attractions of the famed cathedral. It is, unquestionably, one of the most marvellous curiosities of clockwork in existence.

It is related that the original artisan of this clock became blind

before he had completed his work, but that he finished it, *blind as he was*; thus affording a curious illustration of the power of habit, as well as the acuteness communicated to one sense by the deprivation of another.



PORTRAIT OF FATHER MATHEW.

We here place before our readers the portrait of Father Mathew, one of the most remarkable men of our time, who has won for himself honourable fame, and a high place in the esteem of the wise and good. He takes his place among the men who have been powerful in their day, for good or evil, by influence acquired over the minds of their fellow-men, who have swayed the current of popular thought and feeling, who have effected revolutions in the habits, manners, and opinions of nations. Although he may not possess the splendid endowments of men of the very first order of mind, he has given proof that he is gifted with all the qualities adapted to gain and retain ascendancy over the multitude—strength of will, fixity of purpose, energy, perseverance, knowledge of the human heart, the talent of winning the affections, guiding the resolutions, and ruling the convictions of mankind. To inform the ignorant, to stimulate the backward, to bend the stubborn spirit, to purify the depraved heart, to quicken and enlighten the dull understanding—this is his province, this is his task. In the exercise of such noble functions he has shown himself not inferior to those orators of old, who

"Wielded at will the fierce democracy,"

and worthy to be ranked in many respects with the master-spirits of history. From time to time circumstances arise in which the clerical order, at all times powerful, is called prominently into action with augmented authority and importance; ecclesiastics endowed with great political talents, as well as with religious zeal and proselytising ardour, appear, and play the first parts on the great theatre of public affairs. Such were Savonarola, Xavier, and Loyola—such, too, were Luther and Knox. In the list of these men Father Mathew's name may be enrolled. Compare their achievements, judge their characters and careers by their results, and which of them may boast a clearer fame or a more spotless laurel? Father Mathew's sphere of action may not have been so lofty or so splendid: his course has been rather that of the mild star which beams with modest radiance, and sheds meek influence on the troubled spirit, than that of the dazzling and eccentric meteor; he resembles the day-star rather than the comet. He has pursued his unobtrusive path of usefulness and beneficence; a reformer without selfish ambition, a priest without bigotry, a philosopher without pretension or quackery. His lessons have brought health, comfort, and happiness to many an abode of wretchedness; and have created cheerful firesides and smiling faces in the dampest and dreariest hovels of dissolute poverty. Under his auspices and by his exertions a great moral revolution has been wrought, such as for extent and importance has probably no parallel. A nation has been regenerated; casting aside old and time-cherished vices, it has entered on a new career in all the purity of innocence, in the conscious but not presumptuous pride of virtue. Happy may the future be which now opens on the people of Ireland, full of honour and greatness, crowned with the richest fruits of freedom, temperance, and piety. Late events have developed new and interesting features in their national character, the existence of which had not previously been acknowledged. No one ever doubted their bravery, which has been proved on many a bloody and hard-fought field; their devotional zeal, which has been tried by ages of suffering, and has only burned brighter amid the fires of persecution; their learning and genius, which a host of great names in all the departments of art and science avouch; nor their more elegant accomplishments of gallantry, to which every true Irishman will assert his hereditary title. Add to these self-control, and that "golden" moderation which is the favourite theme of philosophy, and what is their wanting to a perfect national character? To these elements of greatness, as well as others more brilliant, our Irish brethren have now established their claim. Honour, then, to the "isle of saints," as well as to the apostle of that popular movement which has wakened into fresh life and activity the energies of her children, and set them free from that torpid lethargy of sloth and vice, which so long hung like an incubus on society, deforming its aspect, cramping its faculties, and impeding its operations. Should they have virtue and determination to persevere, Ireland will no longer be proverbial among the nations for squalid wretchedness; comfort and opulence will take place of poverty, and contentment of disaffection; agriculture will fill to overflowing its horn of plenty; commerce, through all its thousand channels, will pour riches through the land. The great change has even now commenced, and waits but the lapse of a few years to attain its consummation.

The personal appearance of Father Mathew is remarkable. The following interesting and graphic account of it is taken from the excellent work of Mrs. Hall, on "Ireland," now in the press:—

No one who sees the Rev. Mr. Mathew will hesitate to believe that he has been stimulated by pure benevolence to the work he has undertaken. The expression of his countenance is peculiarly mild and gracious; his manner is persuasive to a degree, simple and easy, and humble without a shadow of affectation, and his voice is low and musical—"such as moves men." A man more naturally fitted to obtain influence over a people, easily led and proverbially swayed by the affections, we have never encountered. No man has borne his honours more meekly; encountered opposition with greater gentleness and forbearance; or disarmed hostility by weapons better suited to a Christian. His age is somewhat above fifty, but he looks younger; his frame is strong, evidently calculated to endure great fatigue, and his aspect is that of established health—a serviceable illustration of the practical value of his system. He is somewhat above the middle size; his features are handsome as well as expressive. Our brief interview with him confirmed the favourable impression of his character we had obtained from a knowledge of the benefits derived from his labours; and we left him with fervent thanks to God, that a man so qualified to sway a multitude had so wisely, so nobly, and so virtuously applied his powers and directed the energies of his marvellously active mind—feeling how dangerous he might have proved, if they had been exerted for evil and not for good.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"W. L." Airdrie.—We fear you are liable.
 "R. R." Woolwich.—The stanzas bear evidence of considerable genius, but are too long for our columns.
 "A constant Reader."—No room.
 "A Nottingham Commercial Traveller" should adhere to some more congenial pursuit: blank verse is not his forte.
 "Un Soucripteur," Edinburgh.—Equally good if properly done.
 "L. M. D."—Yes, if sent within the period fixed by act of parliament.
 The suggestions of "J. S. W." are duly appreciated.
 "Check-mate," Liverpool.—Mr. Walker's address is Soho-square, London. We shall feel obliged to our Polish correspondent at Manchester for the work he adulates to.
 "J. O." Anglesea, must apply for the volume through a bookseller. To his other query, if he have not sufficient interest at the Horse-Guards, he should lodge the money for a commission.
 "A Subscriber from the commencement" has been anticipated.
 "J. D. K."—Nothing inserted under seven shillings.
 "E. J." Eton.—Number One is now being reprinted for the fourth time.
 "An Admirer," Brighton.—Declined, with thanks.
 "J. B. F."—There are eight distinct sounds in an octave.
 "B." near Liverpool, has been received. Our arrangements already include the subject of his suggestions.
 We shall be happy to hear from "B. N. S." Bridgnorth, when it suits his convenience.
 "H. R. S."—Occasionally.
 "A. G." Kilmarnock.—Our correspondent's suggestion shall be attended to.
 "Cantab." shall appear in an early number.
 "A. A." Mount-pleasant, is referred to an announcement elsewhere on the subject of his application.
 "A young Subscriber."—Certainly not.
 "J. R." Hemel Hempstead.—Too late for this week.
 "Helen McGregor."—Yes.
 "George." Poolesea, has been received. He must look to his news-agent.
 "A Constant Reader," Canterbury, is quite right; but the mistake was too obvious to mislead any one.
 Could "X. Y. Z." add to our obligations, by sending the descriptive matter of his sketch? The engraving is in hand.
 "A Subscriber," Haverfordwest.—The United Service Club is the building indicated by No. 16 in the Key to the print.
 "Caroline."—The host hands down the lady of greatest consideration in the party, and the stranger gentleman of greatest consequence hands down the lady of the host. In case of equality, the preference is given either to seniority or the greatest stranger.
 "Typ." should advertise, we know of no better plan.

MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.—Should an Amendment on the Address in reply to her Majesty's Speech be proposed in either House of Parliament on Thursday night next, we shall present our readers with a Supplement, gratis, containing the whole of the debate.

INDIA.—Our next number will contain *fac similes* of the decorations presented to our Indian army, together with a number of other interesting Engravings. Amongst the rest—The Sepoys in full Costume, and a correct and admirable View of the India-House.

In our next will be given an accurate Engraving of the tremendous explosion of nine tons of gunpowder by galvanic agency, on the Railway near Dover; together with an interesting scientific detail of the entire process. An eminent Artist has been sent from this establishment to witness the event.

We last week gave a sketch of the Marquesas Island, which has recently been taken possession of by the French Government. We shall next week present our readers with a group of its inhabitants—fascinatingly christened by the *Times* the E. A. I. O. U.'s of the Marquesas.

Under the head of Fine Arts, next week, will be presented an elaborate engraving of the *Xanthian marbles*, just received at the National Gallery, accompanied by a critical notice.

THE SUPPLEMENT AND THE COLOSSEUM PRINT.—We have received more than a hundred letters upon the subject of obtaining, by future subscribers, the supplement which was published at the end of the year together with our grand print of "London at one view." The supplement contains a vast deal of information, having reference to the print—two keys to it—the song of the "City of the world," and about a dozen illustrations of the metropolis in the olden time. All these points are identified with the subject of the engraving, and our friends appear desirous of obtaining the two together. We have therefore reprinted the SUPPLEMENT in question, and have now the pleasure to inform those who purpose subscribing for six months that upon payment of ONE SHILLING it may be had with the Print.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1843.

It will be seen on reference to our Paris news that the war party have been signally defeated on the right of search question in the Chamber of Peers, and so far the French Cabinet has been triumphant in maintaining the alliance with England. It is but justice to M. Guizot to say that the cause of humanity is in more respects than one deeply indebted to his genius and firmness in vindicating as he has done on this occasion the national faith, in preference to acquiring a mob popularity by yielding to the frantic desires of those whose inveterate dislike of England takes place of all other earthly considerations. The address in answer to the speech from the throne was carried by an unexpectedly large majority (seeing the efforts that were made to increase the number of the malcontents), there being for the address 118, and only 67 against it. M. Guizot's speech on the occasion is described as a splendid oratorical display, which, taken with the principles he advocated, recommends him to the admiration of every enlightened friend of humanity in both countries. Even the *National*, his most uncompromising opponent, is compelled to admit the powerful effect produced by the eloquence of the speaker, and says, "his speech was expected with impatience, and in listening to his exordium, so brilliant and so happy, we feared for the moment, lest the miraculous gift of eloquence might not give a triumph to the worst of causes."

The address in the Chamber of Deputies embodies a clause unfavourable to the treaties of 1831 and 1833; but it remains to be seen whether this redoubtable body is susceptible of contagion from the moral example set it by the Peers.

We have the melancholy task of calling the attention of our readers to the dreadful disasters which during the recent hurricanes have happened at sea. We do so with a feeling of infinite sorrow; but a sense of duty makes it imperative upon us that we should not confine our narratives of the wrecks to simple detail. There are circumstances connected with the calamitous occurrences which call for strong, earnest, and especial remark—which demand the advocacy of Christian humanity—and, in the present condition of the social struggle of the civilized world for what may be called a system of brotherhood between nations, elicit reflections which to silence would be a crime. To give humanity the first place, we point attention to the fact of a meeting having been held on Wednesday in the City, for the purpose of propounding some benevolent schemes of relief for the surviving families of our shipwrecked fellow-creatures, not only on our own and neighbouring coasts,

but even at so great a distance of peril as the African shores. Sir John Pirie, who at this charitable meeting took the chair, in Mr. Moxhay's Hall of Commerce, expressed his conviction that many more than five hundred human beings had perished in the recent storms. To this fearful catastrophe of human life the bounding heart of sympathy has leaped up with generous and glowing warmth—the spirit of charity has spread her wings of light, and will bear the faint but holy consolations of her sweet and anxious help into the bosoms of the grief-stricken, the suffering, and the bereaved. A concert for the benefit of the poor afflicted families who survive the blow that has made their homes desolate is one of the means devised for their relief; and from the example set by the friends of humanity in our commercial city, and the countenance given to it by persons of consideration and rank, we augur such omens of benevolent success as will do honour to the feelings of a people who are emphatically bound to succour those who defend them in their walls of wood, and work out the destinies of their country upon the stormy wave-path of the deep. Our own duty is to ask our countrymen of all ranks to respond to the call which has so properly been evoked from the heart of the mighty city whose greatness is wrought upon the sea, and to enjoin society to echo the Christian feeling which should dictate a natural generosity to every human breast. But we have even a higher purpose than that of simple charity to vindicate with reference to these disastrous wrecks. Our readers will peruse with indignant horror the account of the destruction of the Conqueror, with Captain Thompson's statement of the depositions of Abchurch (the only survivor) to the dreadful treatment bestowed upon the half-dead sufferers who were cast upon the inhospitable shores of Lornel. Our map and illustrations will indicate the position of the hapless vessel, but no language will describe the plundering brutality of those who forsook the beautiful duty of "the Lifesaver" to indulge the wretched avarices of the thief. Booty was the word—brotherhood was forgotten and disgraced! Let the narrative, however, speak for itself—our present design is to make loud demand for such a police system of maritime protection on the dangerous coasts of our own and other nations as shall enforce the dictates of Christian humanity in the hour of wreck and storm. It is probable that our British Consul at Boulogne will pursue an investigation into the atrocities of the wreckers of Lornel—and to some of the criminals he may bring his retribution home—but it is not by consular agency, but between governments, and by the aid of treaties, that the principles of mutual fellowship under such contingencies are to be hallowed and carried out. Let some fine, active, benevolent spirits bestir themselves in procuring this kind of coast protection—it will do honour to their hearts, and be the future means of saving thousands of human lives. Sir John Pirie, Lord Dudley Stuart, and all who have so kindly joined in the City scheme of relief to the present sufferers, may well seize the opportunity afforded them to originate the future good, and Heaven's reward and posterity's blessing will surely crown their generous exertions in so noble and exalted a behalf. But while we have ventured upon these observations out of a sad circumstance of brutal inhospitality and robbery practised upon our shipwrecked countrymen on the coast of France, with how much more shame and humiliation do we find that upon our own shores the same crime has been committed by English wreckers upon an English vessel wrecked. Yet this was the case with the *Lily*, of Liverpool, stranded in the British Channel, and the only consolatory reflection evoked by the distressing narrative of treachery is that our Coast Guard, to a certain extent, arrested the work of plunder, and had efficiency to capture and bring to justice some of the desperate criminals concerned. The whole subject presents a fearful picture of abandoned human nature which philanthropy should bestir its best energies to correct.

In another page of our paper will be found a fresh gathering of Testimonials from the country journals in favour of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. We print them with mingled feelings of gratitude and pride, as affording the most unexampled and generous acknowledgments of success that ever attended the independent and impartial efforts of a public journalist.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Jan. 25, 1843.

It is almost hopeless to expect much attention for foreign affairs in London at a time when you are agitated by the atrocious attempt on the life of Mr. Drummond—an additional approximation to the assassination system here, which has afforded the Anglophobians unmixed delight, although the existence of a most respected and respectable man is in question. Still the gravity of affairs here is of a nature to excite the most sinister apprehensions for the eventual preservation of peace. The Chambers are rushing headlong into declarations, which will compel the Government to commence negotiations with England, and the beginning of these negotiations will be the signal of a serious collision hereafter. Not but what the Ministry will obtain its majority in the Peers on the address, but the minority will exhibit numbers never witnessed since 1830, independently of the significant character given to the debates by the Peers who have spoken against the right of search treaties. The majority will therefore be no triumph for the Cabinet, whose position is now regarded as most precarious, by the attitude assumed by the commission in drawing up the project of address in reply to the King's speech. Disguise the fact if you will, but the paragraph in this address, if carried, which it will be most unquestionably, if not a stronger amendment, pledges the French Government to call upon the English Cabinet to abrogate the treaties of 1831 and 1833; and we have already signified that we prefer war to the dishonourable proposition.

Now the question is, can the Soult-Guizot Cabinet accept the paragraph agreed upon by the commission? It is argued that the majority obtained in the Peers will induce M. Guizot to accept the address as it stands. If he takes this course he brings the two Houses into a collision, for he refused to assent to any amendment in the Luxembourg, and the address there has passed without any mention at all of the right of search treaties. Again, if M. Guizot opposes the commission's paragraph he will certainly be outvoted in the Deputies. But the mischief does not stop here. M. Guizot

will be hard pushed for a formal declaration as to the mode in which he will execute the opinions expressed by the commission, and there is his risk. Union, also, no longer reigns in the Ministry. M. Lacaye Laplagne, the Minister of Finance, who declared in the committee against the right of search treaties, has been severely reprimanded by the King; and, if M. Guizot could have found a successor ready, M. Laplagne would have been by this time out of office.

The reading of the project of address produced the greatest sensation in the Chamber of Deputies. The Ministers would not reply to the numerous questions as to their intentions, whether to accept or refuse the paragraph referring to the treaties of 1831 and 1833.

My strong opinion is, that M. Guizot will be sufficiently weak to give his assent to the paragraph; and I ground my judgment on his conduct last session, when he accepted the vote of the Chamber which ensured the non-ratification of the treaty of 1841. Had he resigned, as he ought to have done, that disgrace to France might have been saved. It is, however, not believed in the diplomatic circles that M. Guizot's continuance in office can be prolonged, even if he yields to the feeling of the Chamber. There is evidently a disposition of the majority of the Conservatives, or the Right side, to look upon his stay in power as a peril for the dynasty; and the friends and admirers of the Minister of Foreign Affairs would rather have seen him nobly perish than concede the smallest point to the anti-English spirit of the day.

We have no other topic, as you may imagine, than the right of search one, but we are on a volcano, and the forthcoming debates in the Chamber of Deputies must be followed with earnest watchfulness.

DEATH OF MR. DRUMMOND.

This unfortunate gentleman died on Wednesday morning, at twenty minutes before eleven o'clock. Mr. Drummond was perfectly conscious to the last moment, and, mortification having taken place, he expired, surrounded by his family and relatives, who never left him during the night, apparently without pain.

Mr. Drummond, we understand, was in his 50th year; universally respected by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance; and, in the transaction of official duties, he was courteous and obliging to every one who had occasion to apply to him on business of a public nature, however trifling it might be.

Immediately after the attack of the reckless assassin had terminated fatally, information of the death of Mr. Drummond was forwarded to Sir Robert Peel and the other Cabinet Ministers. An express was also sent to Windsor Castle to inform her Majesty of the melancholy event. Never, perhaps, was there an instance in which the life of an individual has been sacrificed by the hands of a murderer that has created so painful an interest amongst all classes of the community.

Sir J. Graham and several of the Cabinet Ministers, shortly after it was known that Mr. Drummond had breathed his last, went to the residence of Sir Robert Peel in Whitehall-gardens. Upon the Premier being informed of the fatal termination of the assassin's attack we understand he was greatly affected, and immediately directed that his condolence should be forwarded to the afflicted relatives of the late amiable gentleman, who had so faithfully and diligently acted as his private secretary.

Mr. Drummond entered the public service in 1811, and has been actively engaged during a period of more than thirty years. He held the appointment of a chief clerk in the Treasury when his career was untimely checked by the hand of the assassin.

Mr. Drummond was private secretary to the Duke of Wellington during the period of his Administration; also to Sir R. Peel in the short Tory Ministry, and held the same office on his return to power in 1841.

Mr. Drummond was the son of the late Mr. Charles Drummond, one of the original partners in the bank carried on under the family name. He has three brothers—Mr. George Drummond, the present ostensible proprietor of the bank; the Rev. Arthur Drummond, rector of Charlton, near Blackheath, Kent; and Berkeley Drummond, colonel in the Fusilier Guards.

Colonel Drummond, who is at present stationed with his regiment at Windsor, arrived in town at a late hour, on receipt of the melancholy intelligence, and proceeded to his brother's residence in Grosvenor-square.

The following particulars complete the narrative of Mr. Drummond's condition up to the time of his death.

At five o'clock on Saturday the state of the patient was such that it was considered necessary to hold an immediate consultation at which it was deemed necessary to renew the bleeding, as the inflammation had very slightly subsided, but it was eventually determined to allow him to remain undisturbed until ten o'clock, when, if the symptoms did not take a favourable change, that course would be again resorted to. The difficulty of breathing which Mr. Drummond experienced was his most painful affection. This was stated to arise from the injury which one of the ribs is supposed to have sustained from the ball. A great number of leeches had been applied during the afternoon to the back, about the region of the wound.

Mr. Drummond, who is a bachelor, bore his sufferings with great fortitude. He was surrounded by the members of his family, who are plunged into the deepest distress by the melancholy calamity.

Mr. Drummond being a man of very full habit of body, the difficulty of obtaining blood from the arm was thereby much increased.

Lady Peel paid a visit of condolence to Miss Drummond, the sister of the invalid; and many members of her Majesty's Government made personal inquiries throughout the day as to Mr. Drummond's health.

In answer to inquiries on Sunday morning, the reply was, that Mr. Drummond had passed a favourable night, and that his breathing was less difficult than it had been.

During Sunday night, however, the patient experienced a relapse, and on Monday morning it was announced that an unfavourable change had taken place. Several consultations were held during Monday, which resulted in copious bleeding, but at midnight the critical appearances had not abated. On Tuesday morning another consultation of the medical gentlemen took place at half-past ten o'clock, and at its conclusion a bulletin was issued, stating that "Mr. Drummond still continued in a very precarious state."

During the evening the general answer to all inquiries was, that the unfortunate gentleman was growing worse, and towards midnight the case assumed an entirely hopeless complexion. From this hour the pulse had entirely ceased at the wrist, and a final dissolution was momentarily expected; but he held out in the full possession of his senses until the hour above stated, when he expired.

At seven o'clock in the evening M'Naughten was removed from Bow-street to Tothill-fields Prison, where he was received by Lieut. Tracey, the governor, and placed in the cell formerly occupied by Courvoisier, the murderer of Lord William Russell, and more recently by Francis and Bean. In answer to questions put to him by the governor, the prisoner said he was much fatigued, and would like to get to bed as quickly as possible. His wishes were acceded to, and within the space of only a very few minutes he was sound asleep. Next morning the prisoner partook of breakfast, and made a hearty meal. When the hour approached for divine service he was asked if he had any objection to attend the chapel, and he replied, "No; he was of no particular creed, and he cared not where he went, or how far, provided he could hear a good sermon. The prisoner's behaviour in the chapel was decorous. At dinner-time refreshment was brought to him from a neighbouring public-house, and the prisoner consumed the whole with great *gusto*. In the afternoon Mr. Lavies, of King-street, the surgeon to the prison, proceeded to examine M'Naughten as to his state of mind. The answers returned convinced Mr. Lavies, as they also did Mr. Amyoto, the chairman of the visiting magistrates, that the prisoner was not a lunatic.

On Monday afternoon Mr. Spalding, a carpenter, residing in the neighbourhood of Bryanston-square, went to Tothill-fields Bridge-street, and stated that he knew the prisoner and his connections. He at one time resided in Stockwell-street, Glasgow, and in the same street resided Mr. M'Naughten, a wood-turner, the father of the prisoner. The father carried on a very excellent business, and was enabled, when the prisoner came of age, to start him in the same business. The prisoner, it appears, having got possession of the money requisite to establish him in business, set up in the same

street as his father. Here he remained for some time and saved some money. He afterwards sold his business, deposited his money in the Glasgow Bank, and commenced what may be truly described as a life of vagabondism, and all trace of him was lost by his relatives. Mr. Spalding said that he had never witnessed any imbecility on the part of the prisoner, and he did not believe him to be mad; and further stated that he was satisfied that M'Naughten could not in the slightest manner be acquainted with any of the members of the Drummond family, still more so with his victim, nor could the attempt be made from being disappointed, as during the whole of the period he had been in the daily habit of seeing him, which extended over a period of more than twenty years, he had never been heard to express a wish to obtain a situation under Government: although exceedingly studious he was most unambitious. He was not known ever to give vent to a political opinion, his abilities being, as it were, completely confined to his own station in society. These particulars, which may be fully depended upon, tend to throw a greater mystery over the motive which has induced M'Naughten to commit so heinous an offence.

In the course of Monday several doctors of eminence connected with the various lunatic asylums of the metropolis, amongst whom were Doctors Monroe and Sutherland, visited the prisoner and examined him professionally for the purpose of ascertaining whether he possessed in the slightest degree aberration of mind, and the result of the interview was a strong conviction on their minds that M'Naughten was perfectly sane, and that the statement made by him before Mr. Hall at Bow-street was a premeditated one.

The prisoner's meals are furnished at his own expense, an application having been made to Mr. Hall for a portion of the money found on him to be allotted for that purpose. To none of the turnkeys has he uttered a word further than when his dinner was conveyed to him on Monday, he observed "that it was very hard to be prevented the use of a knife and fork."

On Tuesday morning he asked to be supplied with writing materials, which having been brought, he wrote a note to a person named Gordon, who, he said, resided in Peter-street, Westminster, requesting that individual to come and see him at the prison. The note was sent to Peter-street, but Gordon was found to have left London for Glasgow some days since. In the afternoon there was a marked change in the demeanour of the prisoner. He appeared much more melancholy, and seemed to be brooding over his situation.

Nothing could be more indicative of self-possession than the prisoner's manner until he was told that Mr. Drummond was in a dying state: and when he received this information his face became flushed and red, and he broke out into incoherent exclamations as to the destruction of his mental faculties by means of Tory persecutions.

INQUEST ON THE BODY OF MR. DRUMMOND.

On Thursday, at four o'clock, a jury of highly-respectable gentlemen, inhabitants of the parish of St. George, Hanover-square, assembled before J. H. Gell, Esq., coroner for the city and liberties of Westminster, at the Lion and Goat Tavern, Grosvenor-street, to investigate into the causes of Mr. Drummond's death.

Shortly after four o'clock the jury, having been sworn, proceeded to the late residence of the deceased, No. 19, Lower Grosvenor-street, for the purpose of viewing the body.

Mr. Maule, solicitor to the Treasury, attended to watch the proceedings on the part of the Crown, and among those present were a large number of personal friends of the deceased gentleman.

On the return of the jury to the inquest-room the first witness called was James Silver, police-constable 63 A division, who, having been sworn, repeated the evidence which he had given before the magistrates, and which will be found in our police reports of the case.

Robert Hodge sworn: I reside at No. 5, Alpha-place, Kentish-town, and am a carpenter. On Friday afternoon last, about twenty minutes before four, I was coming towards Charing-cross from the Horse Guards, and saw the accused walking about three yards behind deceased. I saw the man pull a pistol from his right-hand trousers pocket, present it at the gentleman, and fire. Mr. Drummond immediately put his hand to his side and staggered two or three steps back. The accused also retreated two or three steps; and, as I was going up to him, he produced a second pistol, and thinking he would shoot me I ran into the road. I immediately heard a second report, and on turning round, I saw a policeman and another man get hold of the man who fired. There was no one near the deceased except this man.

Mr. Charles Guthrie, of 4, Berkeley-street, surgeon, was next sworn, and read his evidence from a written statement, which he said was signed by the other medical attendants of deceased. He said, I was first called to see deceased about 8 o'clock on Saturday evening last, and remained in attendance on him until his death. I found that Mr. Drummond had a wound in the front of the abdomen, which had been made to extract the bullet. He had also another wound in the back, near the spine. The deceased never spoke to me on the subject. He died at half past ten o'clock on Tuesday morning at his own house, 19, Grosvenor-street. I have this day made a post-mortem examination of the body in the presence of other persons. The body of the late E. Drummond, Esq., was opened by Mr. C. Jardine Guthrie, on Thursday, the 26th of January, at one o'clock, in the presence of Dr. Chambers, Dr. Hume, Mr. Guthrie, Mr. Bransby Cooper, and Mr. Jackson. The ball entered behind, two inches from the spinal process or ridge of the back-bone, between the 11th and 12th rib, and three inches distant from the inferior angle of the shoulder-blade. It was extracted in front between the cartilages of the seventh and eighth rib, about ten inches distant from that part which is commonly called the pit of the stomach. The ball, after entering the cavity of the chest, slightly abraded the left lung at its lower and inferior edge, which part was covered by recent lymph, the lung being internally sound. The left side of the chest contained nearly a pint of red-coloured serum. The ball perforated the diaphragm, or muscular partition dividing the chest from the abdomen, it grazed the fat of the left kidney, and pressed through the great omentum below the stomach to the part where it was extracted, injuring no very important organ in the abdomen in its transit, but giving rise to an effusion of blood, which was found coagulated and diffused, to the amount of perhaps twelve ounces. The absence of all that shock and alarm which almost invariably followed the opening into either of the great cavities of the body, together with the great difficulty of ascertaining the spot at which the ball had entered, from its small size, gave rise, during the first twelve hours, to the anxious hope that it had not passed so directly across. We consider such a wound to be inevitably fatal.—(Signed) W. F. Chambers, J. R. Hume, C. J. Guthrie, Bransby B. Cooper, Richard Jackson.

By the Coroner—The bullet was extracted from Mr. Drummond's body the same afternoon that he was shot, and died in consequence of the wound.

William Parry, footman to Miss Drummond, who resided in the same house with the deceased, identified the body viewed by the jury as that of Mr. Edward Drummond.

The coroner here inquired of the jury if they desired to have any more evidence. He considered the case now perfectly clear. The jury having acquiesced, the coroner desired them to consider their verdict, and, without a moment's hesitation, they unanimously pronounced a verdict of "Wilful Murder" against Daniel M'Naughten, and the coroner at once made out a warrant for his committal to Newgate.

Mr. Maule begged to state that he was instructed to conduct the prosecution on behalf of the Crown.

EPITOME OF NEWS.

Netherby Hall, the seat of Sir James Graham, in Cumberland, took fire on Friday week, but was fortunately got under without doing any very extensive mischief.—The last census of the population of the city of Brussels makes the total amount 110,760, not including the garrison, the military school, and the patients in the hospital.—The great mercantile house of Paulin, Milan, and Son, in the city of Gothenburg, has declared itself insolvent. The debts are stated at 504,000 dollars, the assets at 759,000 dollars.—The number of horned cattle in the United Kingdom is estimated at 7,000,000,

that of sheep at 32,000,000. Taking the former to be worth £10 each, the latter 25s., the total value will be £110,000,000.—Mr. Atkinson, rope-manufacturer, of Preston, has received an order from the Admiralty to manufacture 75,000 fathoms, or 85 miles 400 yards, of line for Captain Belcher, of the Samarang, going on an exploring expedition. Rather "a long yarn."—Captain Fitzroy's bill for ascertaining the qualifications of persons seeking to be masters and mates in the merchant service is meeting with great and determined opposition. A petition, signed by 94 shipmasters, against the bill has been confided to Sir J. Hanmer and Sir W. C. Jervis for presentation to the House of Commons.—A steamer between Cadiz and Algiers has been established by a French company. The first departure took place on the 31st ult.—On Monday a special general meeting of the proprietors of the Union Bank of Australia was held at the offices in Broad-street, when a dividend at the rate of five per cent. for the half year was declared.—On Sunday evening last the house of a baker, named Sasse, in Princes-street, Leicester-square, was entered by two well-dressed ruffians, who, finding the proprietor from home, knocked down the servant-maid, and rifled the parlour of a considerable amount of money, jewellery, and plate.—A man named Joseph Bevan, an agricultural labourer, has been committed to the county gaol of Gloucester for the wilful murder of his step-son, which he committed by stabbing him with a knife in the breast during a broil created by the boy's mother, who, it appears, is a woman of an irritable and unhappy temper.—The body of Mr. Gale, who had been missing from his residence, Wick-street, Hackney, was found in the Regent's Canal on Sunday morning, about one hundred yards from Bonner's Hall-bridge, near which spot he was last seen alive on the 28th of December. An unusual degree of excitement prevailed in the neighbourhood on account of the deceased's absence, and a rumour that he had fallen into the hands of murderers had been circulated.—Immense flights of wild pigeons, supposed to be visitors from America, have appeared in the vicinity of the lakes and hills of Cumberland.—The master and journeymen tailors of the metropolis held a meeting at the National Association Hall on Monday night last, for the purpose of adopting protective measures against the encroachments of the low-price slopsellers.—Rear-Admiral Henderson died last week at his residence in Aberdeenshire.—The sixth anniversary of the Buckingham Conservative Association took place on Tuesday last in the Corporation Hall of that town. His Grace the Duke of Buckingham presided. Upwards of four hundred gentlemen sat down to dinner.—A Methodist preacher, named Wilkinson, was stopped on the road near Knaresborough last week by a gang of footpads, who sacrilegiously relieved him of the fruits of his missionary labours. Other highway robberies have occurred in various parts of the country, but none so flagrant as this.

Mr. Clement Wigney obtained his certificate in bankruptcy from Mr. Commissioner Holroyd on Tuesday last.—Thomas Pound, the conductor of one of Danby's Hammersmith omnibuses, was fined 20s. and costs at the Marlborough-street police-office on Tuesday, and had his licence suspended, for deluding Captain Scott and his son with the promise of carrying them as far as Brentford, whilst his omnibus only plied as far as Hammersmith.—General Pasley has written to contradict a statement in some of the public journals, that the great mines intended to be fired near Dover were made under his direction and at the expense of Government. The whole of the preparations were made at the expense of the South Eastern Railway Company, and the credit of planning these mines is due to Mr. Cubitt, the engineer-in-chief of the company, who decided upon the position and quantity of powder to be used in each of the three great charges proposed.—Mr. Macdonnell, of Glengarry, is on his return from Australia. The young chief intended to fix his residence permanently in that country, but after a short experience he has abandoned the scheme, and will again betake himself to his native Highlands.—During the past week not less than one hundred and twenty-three sheep, the property of James Wickham, Esq., were stolen from Sutton farm, in the parish of Wonston, Hants.—Mrs. Mary Phillips, late of Nova Scotia, has just left behind her a large fortune, to be divided between St. George's Hospital, the Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, the Blind School, and the Welsh School in Gray's Inn-road.—The annual meeting of the Colonial Church Society was held at the Music Hall, Store-street, on Tuesday, when George Finch, Esq., was called to the chair. The report for the past year was highly favourable.—The report of two Spanish vessels having been seized by a Haytien man-of-war turns out to be correct. The vessels, however, have been since released and compensation offered, which has been for the present declined.—Her Majesty has ordered six dresses of the finest Paisley manufacture, with the benevolent view of restoring the drooping trade of that town.—The subject of gas-meters is at present occupying a good deal of public attention, which has been chiefly produced by the lectures of Mr. Jones, of the Adelaide Gallery, who has undertaken to demonstrate that, as at present constructed, those inventions impose a loss of 33 per cent. on the consumer.—The following are the official returns of the exports of the precious metals for the week ending Thursday se'nnight:—Silver coin to Hamburg 10,000 oz., to Rotterdam 5000, to Mogadore 3447; silver bars to Hamburg 42,600 oz.; gold coin to New York 112 oz.—The new Hospodar of Wallachia, George Bibesko (says a letter from Germany), is a man of 40, the richest landed proprietor in the country, and of considerable talent.—The burglars who robbed Mr. Sasse's house in Princes-street, Leicester-square, on Sunday, were arrested in the pit of the Olympic Theatre, on Tuesday night, by two police sergeants, of the detective force. It turns out that one of them, named Groves, was a convicted thief, and the husband of Mr. Sasse's servant. The prisoners were remanded.—At a meeting of Merchants and Shipowners, held at the Hall of Commerce in Threadneedle-street, on Wednesday last, for the purpose of devising relief for the widows and children of the unfortunate seamen who perished in the late gales, it was agreed upon to hold a concert in the great room of that institution, for this charitable and benevolent purpose.—The fall of snow in Switzerland has been greater during the past winter than at any former period within the memory of man. In some places the drifts were fourteen and fifteen feet deep, and in the village of Marcote an avalanche destroyed several buildings and killed many head of cattle.—A weak-minded girl, named Emma Ranger, aged 21, committed suicide at Shoreditch, on Monday evening last, by swallowing a quantity of oxalic acid, in consequence of a man named John Wilkins, her paramour, having been arrested on a charge of robbery.—A respectable man, named Wheeler, committed suicide at Gravesend, on Sunday night last, by attaching a pig of iron to his body, and falling from a barge into the water.—Two suicides have occurred at Calais in as many days. The one was a ship broker's clerk, who having made various false speculations and got into difficulties, quietly let himself down from the jetty, refused any assistance, and was carried out by the tide and drowned. The other was an old commissioner attending hotels, somewhat of a drunkard, and whose wife earned a decent living by washing. He filled his pockets with stones, and drowned himself in the canal. They have both left wives and families to bewail their madness.—A plausible scoundrel, named David Pugh, was committed from Lambeth-street Police-office on Wednesday, to take his trial for inveigling a poor woman, named Lerd, out of £10 on pretence of procuring her husband's discharge from the East India Company's service. The prisoner, it appears, is a returned transport.—On Wednesday evening two fellows perceiving a cask of white lead, weighing between six and seven cwt., at the door of Mr. Patrick, an oil and colourman, in High-street, Whitechapel, drew a truck along side the foot pavement. A servant in the employment of Mr. Cramp, butcher, and whose shop adjoins that of Mr. Patrick's, was at his master's door, when one of the fellows said, "Hallo, butcher, give us a hand with this," and the butcher assenting, the cask was placed on the truck, and was carried clear off by the thieves.

Castle before two, after an excellent run. The Duchess of Kent, Lady Fanny Howard, Sir G. Couper, and Colonel Arbuthnot joined the royal dinner circle.

WINDSOR, Friday.—Her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert walked out in the royal pleasure grounds both in the morning and afternoon.—The Earl and Countess Delawart, the Ladies Elizabeth and Mary West, arrived at the castle on a visit to her Majesty.

Her Majesty has been deeply affected by the news of the death of Mr. Drummond, and countermanded many of the visits which were to have been paid to the Castle. Sir Robert and Lady Peel were to have been visitors to her Majesty, if it had not been for the heart-rending blow which has so suddenly afflicted them.

BIRTHDAY OF THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.—Friday was the birthday of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cambridge arrived at Kensington Palace from Kew, to pay a visit of congratulation to the royal Duke. Their Royal Highnesses the Duchess of Gloucester and Prince George of Cambridge also arrived at Kensington Palace, from town. Soon after two o'clock a *déjeuner* was served. The nobility and gentry called at the Palace during the day, and left their names for the royal Duke. His Royal Highness had a select party at dinner. Covers were laid for twenty-eight.

COURT MOURNING.—Orders appear in last night's Gazette, for the Court's going into mourning, on Sunday next, the 29th instant, for her late Royal Highness the Duchess Dowager of Schleswick-Holstein-Sunderbourg-Augustenbourg, mother of her Majesty the Queen of Denmark, and great grand daughter of King George the Second.

It is said that the Duke of Cleveland will move the Address in the House of Lords, in answer to her Majesty's Speech, on the opening of the Session.

We understand that the address to the Throne, in the House of Lords, on the opening of Parliament, is to be seconded by the Earl of Eglington and Winton.

We are gratified at being able to state, that Sir George Cockburn continues to improve in health.

LINCOLN'S INN, Jan. 27.—The following gentlemen were this day called to the degree of barrister-at-law by the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn, viz.:—John Unthorn, Esq., Charles Reade, Esq., Edward Marcus Attwood, Esq., Charles James Preston, Esq., Peregrine Roberts, Esq., William Browne, Esq., Edmund Banbury, Esq., and John Gorham Maitland, Esq.

GREAT BLAST AT THE DOVER RAILWAY.—The great blast at Roudnond Cliff, consisting of 18,500lbs., or eight-and-a-half tons of gunpowder, which has lately produced so great a sensation in the scientific world, was fired off on Thursday, at two o'clock. Long before this hour every height (at a respectful distance) commanding a view of the immense cliff intended to be operated upon was studded with spectators, and excellent arrangements were made by the company to avoid accidents. A line of demarcation was marked off by signals, and police and military were stationed along this line, to keep the populace from approaching within it. The Roudnond Cliff o'erhung the sea, close to the one whose fearful height is so graphically described in *King Lear*, and commonly known by the classic name of "Shakspeare's Cliff." The original intention of the South-eastern Railway Company was to carry a tunnel through the portion of the height this day blown down, as they have through the bowels of the Shakspeare; but, from the circumstance of tremendous falls having taken place on either side during the progress of the works, and from these falls having affected the stability of the cliff, the expedient of blasting it was very judiciously resolved on. A mine, consisting of three cells, was accordingly planned and formed by Mr. Cubitt, the engineer of the company, in the base of the cliff, into which the enormous quantity of powder above named was placed, and the ignition of the charges by the voltaic battery was performed by Lieutenant Hutchinson, of the Royal Engineers, who was employed lately by Major-General Pasley in operating against the wreck of the Royal George. Punctual to their arrangement, the miners communicated the electric spark to the gunpowder by their connecting wires, on the signal being given—the earth trembled under our feet to half a mile distant—a stilled report, not loud, but deep, was heard; the base of the cliff, extending on either hand to upwards of five hundred feet, was shot, as from a cannon from under the superincumbent mass of chalk seaward, and in a few seconds, not less, we should say, than 1,000,000 tons of chalk were dislodged by the shock, and settled gently down into the sea below. Tremendous cheers followed the blast, and a royal salute was fired. The sight was indeed truly magnificent. Such was the precision of the engineers, and the calculations of Mr. Cubitt, that it would appear just so much of the cliff has been removed as was wanted to make way for the sea-wall; and it is reckoned the blast will save the company £1000 worth of hand labour. Not the slightest accident occurred. On the cliffs we noticed Major-General Pasley, Sir J. Herschell, and many engineers, together with a host of scientific men.

Colonel Rowan, Mr. Hall (Chief Magistrate of Bow-street, police-office), and Mr. Maule (Solicitor to the Treasury), had a long interview with Sir J. Graham at the Home-office yesterday-morning; after which, we understand, that orders were given to bring up the miscreant M'Naughten for final examination at Bow-street to day, at 12 o'clock. It is not supposed that the inquiry will be a long one, as the facts attending the late dreadful murder are so clear, and not disputed by the prisoner himself.

EXTENSIVE FIRE.—TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE EARL OF HILLSBOROUGH'S MANSION.—A few minutes before six o'clock this morning, a fire of a very destructive nature, involving property to an immense amount, broke out in the spacious mansion belonging to the Right Hon. the Earl of Hillsborough, situate on the south side of Upper Grosvenor-street, within a few doors of the square. The premises in question consisted of a four-story brick building, and extended backwards a considerable distance into Rieve's-mews. On one side of the mansion adjoined the residence of the Countess of Caryforth, on the other that of Captain Lyons. It appears that the Earl of Hillsborough had, within the last few weeks, underlet his mansion to Sir George Larpent, who, with the rest of his family, left London about half an hour before the fire broke out for the country, to see some friends. The discovery was made by police-constable C 88, whilst proceeding along his beat. He, however, managed to get in, and forcing his way up stairs, discovered an apartment at the back part of the second-floor in flames, which he understood to be Lady Larpent's bed-room. Before the engines had arrived the immense mansion was on fire from the basement to the roof, and the flames shooting out and roaring like unto several furnaces. Unfortunately anything but a sufficient supply of water could be obtained at the outbreak, notwithstanding that the fire-mains were all drawn. As soon as an abundance of water could be got, the London brigade, County, West of England, and parish engines were got to work, and played most vigorously upon the fire, which had the effect of subduing the same, but not before the mansion, with its valuable contents, was entirely consumed, nothing more than the bare walls remaining. When the roof fell in at seven o'clock, several firemen narrowly escaped, owing to a portion of the same falling forward. Up to the hour of nine o'clock, a great body of fire still remained in the ruins, and the various engines were kept working. The total loss must be immense, for, besides the destruction of Earl of Hillsborough's mansion, the adjoining ones are all seriously damaged by fire and water. Nothing positive could be obtained as to the origin of the fire; nor yet in what offices the places were insured in.

Paterson, the fellow whose blaspheming exhibition in Holywell-street was lately so notorious, was brought up to Bow-street yesterday, and having been convicted on three separate charges, was fined Forty Shillings on each. The prisoner was remanded until Tuesday next, to answer another charge of a similar description.

FOREIGN.

The Paris papers of Wednesday have reached us. The debate on the address in the Chamber of Peers terminated on Wednesday with a second triumph for ministers, when the numbers were—for the address 117; against it 33; majority 84. This overwhelming defeat must have extinguished altogether the hopes of the unprincipled coalition to which M. Guizot is opposed.

ANNIVERSARIES.



EXECUTION OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

Here is another of the "anniversaries" of English history—one of the darkest, the deepest, and most impressive of any age or time. The death of Charles the First has a monumental record in our metropolis and more than a monumental record in the heart of posterity and the memories of reading men. Except those haunting themes of poetry presented in the life and death of Mary Queen of Scots, there are few subjects in English history,—isolated, by their peculiar beauty and absorbing interest, from all meaner incidents—more noble in spirit, more touching in remembrance, more forcible in impression, and more absolutely appealing by their character to the imagination and very soul of the painter, than this of the last moments of the fated monarch. The associations that crowd themselves into the memory with the characters which form the grouping of the scene—the recollection of events which immediately preceded it in the awful drama of the times—the shadows of a dark history passing in pageantry before the mind, with strange contrasted forms of rebellion and fidelity, of courage and cowardice, of virtue and treachery, of piety and blasphemy, of grace, loveliness, affection, with selfishness, ferocity, and ambition: all the bad and good elements of humanity, in short, brought strikingly into play—these thoughts and memories, blending with the full inspiring awe and interest of the scene itself, lend it a pervading fervour and a deepened charm, and invest it with a sublime poetry that wears its intense beauty not more in the grand reality of the breathing picture, than in the visions and aspirations of the gazer's mind. The subject, too, possesses an universality, for the history of the death of Charles is one familiar to the ear of the world. It was a life-sacrifice extorted by the rage of a people, and given by its victim without shame or fear. Charles was, indeed, perhaps more a king upon the scaffold than in any other contingency of his disturbed unpeaceful life. His countenance was described by the poets and historians of that and after times as wearing a look of resignation most dignified and serene:—

No storm is in his human heart,
No strife upon his brow,
Where calmness, like a patient child,
Sits almost smiling now!
Seems the meek Monarch, as like one
Whose gentle spirit sings
Its song of solace to the soul
Before it spreads its wings!
And filling, ere it takes its flight,
His features with a holy light!
Yet that serenest heavenly look
Wears well its taint of earth;
And mortal majesty retains
The impress of its birth!
The lion doth not hang his mane,
The eagle droop his wing;
The lofty glance, the regal mien,
Fall only with the king;
And Charles's calm, unquailing eye
Shames all who thought he feared to die!

These last lines would seem to be derived from a sentence of D'Israeli's, with reference to the undignified assertions, then made by certain traitors, impugning the courage of their monarch, "These mean spirits," says the eloquent writer, "had flattered themselves that he who had been cradled in royalty—who had lived years in the fields of honour—and was now, they presumed, a recreant in imprisonment—the grand delinquent of England, as they called him—would start in horror at the block. This last triumph, at least, was not reserved for them; it was for the king." The triumph depicted here, however, is loftier than that of mere human exultation, which both poet and historian imply; it is the high, pure, simple, triumph of virtue—mild in the eye, bland upon the brow, gentle in the utterance; it is the triumph of the good spirit pouring forth, to a world it would console rather than rebuke, its parting consciousness of peace: "I go from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can have place." These holy words convey the whole strength and meaning of the monarch's attitude and features.

The immediate act of the execution has been thus forcibly described:—"Men could discover in the King no indecent haste or flurry of spirits—no trembling of limbs—no disorder of speech—no start of horror. The blow was struck. An universal groan, as it were—a supernatural voice—the like never before heard, broke forth from the dense and countless multitude. All near the scaffold pressed forward to gratify their opposite feelings by some memorial of his blood—the blood of a tyrant or a martyr! The

troops immediately dispersed on all sides the mournful or the agitated people."

The following verse from a poem published on the subject, in the *Times Newspaper*, is a sort of paraphrase of Hume's account of the immediate consequences of Charles's execution.

A few brief moments, and the martyr dies:
Dies in that sweet serenity of soul!
Then rush quick tears into the nation's eyes,
Over all hearts grief's sudden waters roll,
And sorrow raves and soos without control!
Now brave men's spirits are bow'd down to earth,
Slander is hushed, and vengeance drops her wing,
And women give their babes untimely birth,
Shock'd at the murder of their honoured King!
And misery flings her mourning over mirth,
And fame (too late) is loud with the lost Monarch's worth.

* See Hume.

CARISBROOK CASTLE,

Which stands in the Isle of Wight, was one of the prisons of the unhappy monarch. It stands about a mile from Newport, the chief town of the island, upon an eminence overlooking the village of Carisbrook, claims a Saxon origin, and dates, some antiquaries say, as early as the sixth century. After the Norman invasion the castle was greatly enlarged, and in Elizabeth's reign the buildings were enclosed by a wall, and surrounded by a moat; as they still remain. Twenty acres of ground are included in the entire fortifications, and the circuit of the walls is three fourths of a mile. The keep stands on the north side, upon the summit of an artificial mount, of nearly sixty feet in height; only the lower portion of this, however, now remains. The prospect from this point is "beautiful exceedingly." The eye takes in the varied and picturesque surface of the island, engirt all round by the sea; and traversing Spithead and busy

Portsmouth, with its fleet and dockyards, extends up the Southampton-water—the horizon on the one side closing in upon the neighbouring counties, and upon the other sinking in the far-off dim outline of the Channel.

Like most castellated structures, Carisbrook has had its share of "battles, sieges, dangers." It has often been attacked by the French, and upon one occasion, in 1377, a band from that country, who came to attempt its capture, fell into an ambuscade, and were all slain in a narrow pass called to this day, in memory of the event, Deadman's Lane. But Carisbrook gains space in our columns from the fact of its having been the prison of Charles the First, during the year previous to his execution—the ANNIVERSARY of which event we now illustrate. On the fifth of November, 1647, the king fled from Hampton Court, with only two attendants, and without any settled place of refuge. Riding all night, morning found the party in the New Forest, and they repaired to Titchfield, the house of the Earl of Southampton, in the neighbourhood of which they were. This, however, not offering security, the King determined upon seeking a friend in the nephew of his chaplain, Colonel Hammond, Governor of the Isle of Wight. A more unhappy selection could not have been made, as the Colonel was a devoted partisan of Cromwell, and a relative of Hampden. He received the fallen monarch into Carisbrook, at first as a guest, but soon changed the King's position into that of prisoner. His attendants were dismissed, his walks curtailed, and he was ultimately given to understand that the ramparts and the castle-yard were boundaries beyond which he must not pass. Much of the King's time was now occupied in reading, and Tasso, Ariosto, and the *Fairy Queen* were favourite companions of his solitary hours. It is not surprising that plans of escape also filled a portion of his thoughts, and an interesting account of these may be sought by the curious scholar in the "Threnodia Carolina," of Sir Thomas Herbert. The first attempt was made December the 29th, and failed, it is said, through the carelessness of a Captain Burley, who was to conduct it. This gentleman was captain of Yarmouth Castle, and lost his life at the hands of the executioner as the recompense of his loyalty and failure. Shortly after one Firebrace proposed a plan, and the King had so far succeeded as to have partially forced his way through a window still pointed out, and which our engraving



represents; but perceiving a crowd of enemies watching below gave up the attempt. Hammond, having gained information of the intended attempt, had placed a guard, with orders to shoot the King had he succeeded in passing through the window. After this the unhappy monarch abandoned himself to despair—allowing his beard and hair to go untrimmed—until he at length looked "half savage and quite desolate," and in this state continued up to September, 1648, when he was removed to Newport "to confer with commissioners appointed by the Parliament." On the 29th of November he was seized by a party of troops, sent for that purpose, and six weeks later found him upon the scaffold!

VIEWS IN PARIS.—No. III.



NOTRE-DAME

Is one of the most ancient edifices in Paris, and is the mother church of France. It is situated at the eastern extremity of the *Cité*, and its origin is unknown. Tradition says that the original site was a temple in the time of Tiberius consecrated to Jupiter, Castor, and Pollux. Authentic records establish that it was named after St. Denis till 522, when Childebert the First devoted it to the Virgin Mary. In 1163 Maurice de Sully, Archbishop of Paris, reconstructed the cathedral, Pope Alexander the Third laying the first stone. Henry, legate of the Papal see, constructed, in 1182, the great altar. Its chapels are of the 14th century. The above edifice is 414 feet long, 102 in height, and 144 wide. The architecture is Gothic, and the boldness and singularity of nearly 300 immense columns, with no less than 45 chapels, inspire the spectator with awe and admiration. A double colonnade of 120 enormous columns will be much admired. The *façade* has an imposing appearance. There are three portals of unequal elevation, that of the N.E. being remarkable for eleven signs of the Zodiac sculptured. The twelfth, that of the Virgin, is in larger proportions, and is placed on the pith, separating the two doors. The portals of the two extremities are surmounted by two large square towers, 40 feet square, and are 204 feet high, from the summit of which there is an extensive view

THE KEEP OF CARISBROOK CASTLE.

Paris and its fortifications. The ascent of 389 steps is easy, and it has been frequently chosen, like the column in the Place Vendôme and the Triumphal Arch, as a place for suicide,—the French not thinking it worth while to shut up their public monuments because some crazy people choose to hurl themselves from their summits. Victor Hugo's dizzy description of the hurling of the monk by Quasimodo forces itself on the mind when at the top of one of these towers. The exterior of Notre-Dame has been much improved lately by the removal of buildings which formerly disfigured it. Visitors linger most, however, in the splendid choir, with its stalls for the Archbishop, and its immense brazen eagle in the centre. The scriptural subjects of the bas-reliefs are finely developed, and the paintings, by the most distinguished French masters, fix the eye for some time. The relics left by the Revolution in the sanctuary are as authentic as most relics are. The chapels are restored in great part. Midnight mass on Christmas-eve, and the great religious festivals, attract large congregations on account of the music, which is on the most extensive scale. After the July revolution Notre Dame was shorn of many honours; but a religious reaction has made great progress lately in France, and the King of the French, to his honour, has been encouraging it. So long as the royalist archbishop was living little was done for the church in France; but the present prelate, being dynastic, has entered cordially into the King's views. The first great sign of reconciliation was at the christening of the Count of Paris, and all the gorgeous attributes of the Papal church were put in requisition on that interesting occasion; followed, alas! so speedily by the last funeral ceremonial for the father—the lamented Duke of Orleans. Still it was a remarkable fact, during the funeral of the late Prince Royal, to witness, for the first time since 1830, the clergy walking in a public procession. Notre Dame was then supreme in the celebration of the cathedral rites, St. Denis having been neglected to make way for the metropolitan see. It was a striking contrast in the two ceremonies—the christening and the funeral—following each other in such rapid succession. In the former, the head of the Orleans branch of the Bourbons saw the consolidation of his dynasty by a reconciliation with the church; in the latter, the stricken King could only see the grave of his hopes, and the prospect of convulsion from the perils of a long regency. But still the Gothic edifice remains there untouched by time, and its towers frown on the fleeting mortals whom ambition leads within its massive walls. Nineteen centuries, and there is Notre Dame still. What changes is this structure yet doomed to outlive?

POPULAR PORTRAITS.—No. XXVIII.



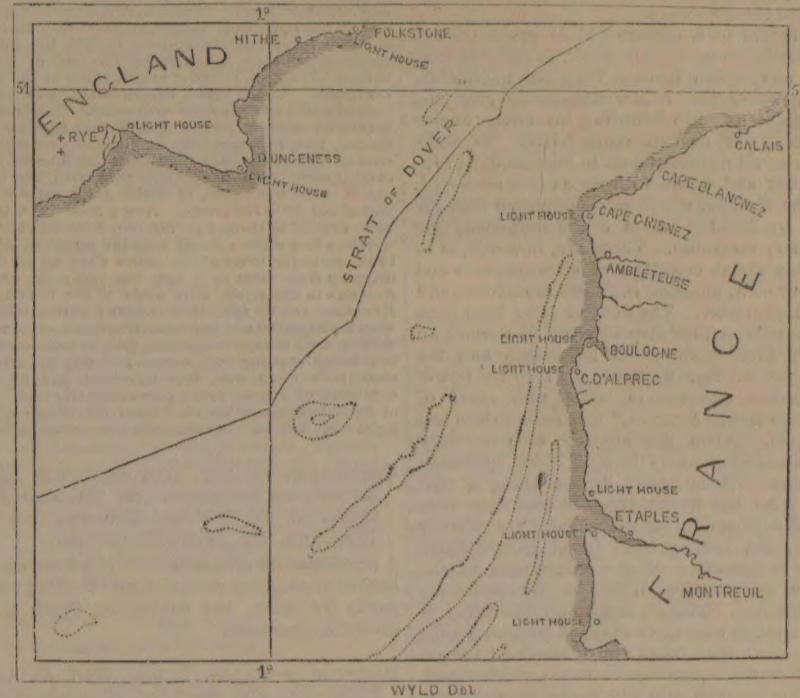
SIR G. MURRAY, G.C.B., G.C.H.

The name of Sir George Murray, distinguished as it is, by long and gallant service in the field, and familiar as it has been made by his political connection with the Cabinet, has recently been brought more prominently before the public, as the probable commander-in-chief of the army, should that honourable and onerous post be resigned by the Duke of Wellington, who has, it is generally believed, only for a time succeeded to it by the decease of Lord Hill. Sir George Murray is the second son of Sir W. Murray, by the youngest daughter of the Earl of Cromartie, and was born in 1772. He is, therefore, ripe both in years and honours—which, numerous as they are, have been hardly earned in full many a “well foughten field;” for, as he entered the army at an early age, he was engaged throughout the whole of the war which sprung up after the French Revolution, and devastated the Continent for nearly a quarter of a century. He has served or led in the army of England in almost every scene of its most celebrated conflicts; among the dykes of Holland, on the sands of Egypt, on the *sierras* of Spain, on the heights of the Pyrenees, and on the soil of France itself, when the invader of nations became in its turn the invaded, and when, exhausted by years of strife and bloodshed, it fell overpowered in the unequal contest with many nations united against one.

By the last change in the position of parties he is again in office, as Master-General of the Ordnance, the duties of which his military experience enables him to discharge with credit to himself and advantage to the country. The personal appearance of Sir George, though he is “something touched by time,” is still distinguished by that bearing and carriage which speaks of the soldier as well as of the gentleman. He is above the middle height, and, notwithstanding the wear and tear of his active life, looks much younger than he really is. A stranger, on meeting him, would say, without knowing his profession, that he was a military man; no longer young, but wearing his years well, and likely to enjoy his honours for many yet to come.

Sir George Murray entered the army as an ensign in 1789, his first commission being dated the 12th of March in that year. The French revolution had then commenced; but it was not till a few years later, when France had guillotined its King, and declared war with all the monarchies and aristocracies of the world, that England

entered into that war of which the long duration and the stupendous results were so little foreseen by either of the powers engaged in it. In one of the earliest movements of that war Sir G. Murray was engaged—the campaign in Holland in 1793-94. In the disastrous occupation of the same country in 1799 he was also employed, and here he was wounded. When the French invasion of Egypt called our arms into that part of the world, Sir G. Murray accompanied the force under Abercrombie, and was present in the different actions which called into exercise the tactics of modern Europe on the soil of the Pharaohs, whose pyramids re-echoed the roar of European artillery, while from their summits “forty centuries looked down” upon the combatants. The ever-changing necessities of service recalled him to Europe, and in 1807 he accompanied the expedition to Copenhagen, in which the success that attended the British arms was much more indisputable than the justice of the policy which dictated the operations. After this came that episode in the great history which became so celebrated as to be called a war in itself—“the war of the Peninsula.” In all the battles that succeeded the despatching of an auxiliary army to the assistance of Spain, Sir G. Murray bore a distinguished part: he shared the disasters and the retreat on Corunna, and the triumph of the memorable battle under the walls of that town, where the English army, like a lion at bay, turned in desperation on its pursuers, and terminated a succession of defeats by a brilliant victory. He was afterwards present in all the sanguinary battles of Spain, which have given that country a renown as a scene of strife, similar to that which caused Flanders to be called the “old prize-fighting ground of Europe,” in the days of Marlborough and Prince Eugene. We need only mention the names of Talavera, Busaco, Vittoria, Fuentes d'Onor, Nivelles, Orthez, the Pyrenees, and they will of themselves speak to the nature of the military career of Sir G. Murray. He was also present at the battle of Toulouse. For these distinguished services he did not go unrewarded; he was created a G.C.B. in 1816; and for the different Spanish actions in which he was engaged he received a cross and five clasps. From 1818 to 1824 he was Governor of Sandhurst College. He was also called on to fill other posts more important in a political point of view. Like his great commander the Duke of Wellington, peace left him at leisure to devote himself to the civil service of his country instead of the military. He was Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance during the years 1824 and 1825; and from the latter year till 1828 he was Commander of the Forces in Ireland. For two years, namely, from 1828 to 1830, he filled the office of Colonial Secretary, now held by Lord Stanley. On the fall of the Wellington Administration in 1830, he, of course, followed his party, and continued unemployed till 1834, when he was made Master-General of the Ordnance, a post which he did not long hold, being succeeded, in 1835, by the late Lord Vivian, to whom he was opposed in the field of politics, though they must have often been side by side in the field of battle. For eight years, from 1824 to 1832, he represented the county of Perth in Parliament; he was also again elected in 1834, but is not at present in the House of Commons.



MAP OF THE COAST OF THE LATE WRECKS.

WRECKS OF “THE RELIANCE” AND “THE CONQUEROR” INDIAMEN.

By the courtesy of Mr. Wyld, the eminent geographer, we are enabled to present the annexed chart of coast of the scene of the recent disasters on the French coast, with a view to attempt some explanation of the causes of these melancholy wrecks—or rather the *cause*, for both are inferred by many persons to be referable to the same fatal error, of mistaking the lighthouse of Cape Grisner for that of Dungeness. Mr. R. Green, the managing owner of the Reliance, states that “the French land recedes at Merlimont, where the Reliance struck, so as to form a small bay, into which ships are often carried by the current, which, in that part, sets constant on the coast, while the coast itself is so low and flat as not to be visible at a short distance, especially in hazy weather. Etaples is the eastern extremity of this bay, and juts out so far that it repeatedly happens in dark weather that ships standing up the Channel, and drifted into the bay, are first made aware of being so near land by seeing the light of Etaples on their larboard bow. In their own phrase, they are taken completely aback; and, judging from what they see that all previous calculations are wrong, they conclude they must have run by mistake upon the English coast. They tack, to give what they take to be Dungeness a wide berth, and go right on shore.” Mr. Green adds, that the captain knowing himself to be in or near the narrowest part of the Channel, with the wind from the south-west, preferred, as a matter of prudence, to keep the French rather than the English coast, which would have been to them a lee-shore. “Some miles along the shore where they struck is a long sandbank, on which they may have had as little as 8 fathoms. Nearer to shore the depth increases to 12, 14, 16, and 18. The distance between 10 and 6 fathoms, as the current set them still nearer to the land, was so little, that the delay in wearing the ship may have been sufficient to remove it; and in that latter depth some other sandbank must have suddenly reduced the soundings from 6 fathoms in midships to 4 fathoms at stern.”

The point at which the Conqueror struck is stated to have been six miles from Merlimont, off the Point de Lornet (not the town of

Lornet, as hitherto related), at the entrance of the Canche, or river of Etaples, which is situated on the north side; and, at this entrance, are many banks, most of which are so shifting, that they cannot be exactly described. It may be mentioned, that the long sand-bank has $7\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms on that part which extends S.W. by S., across the mouth of the river Canche, at five miles from it.

To prevent the recurrence of such disasters it has been proposed that another vessel should be moored in mid-channel; but a correspondent of the *Times* of Thursday (a captain, late E. I. M. S.) considers that such attempts fail to urge the only remedy “lead and look out.” “Before the Seven Stones, Start-point, St. Catherine's, Beachy-head, and the South Sand-head lights were established, the prevailing rule was, when a westerly gale was blowing, ‘to heave to,’ when it was supposed the ship was off the Wight, with head to the northward, keeping the lead continually going, only bearing up when the land was distinctly seen, so as to run up with great caution to Beachy-head, thus insuring safety. All our lights are on the most improved principle, and it is, I fear, generally supposed that *they must be seen*; therefore, if in running up Channel St. Catherine's is not seen it is attributed to accident; the ship is continued on her course, probably with a strong flood tide, with the assurance that Beachy-head light will be seen, when, to the astonishment of all on board, the ship is found on the Boulogne coast, on a lee-shore, and destruction awaiting all on board. This arises from overrunning the distance, occasioned by smoother water than has been experienced in the Atlantic, the tides, and a mistaken confidence in seeing our lights.”

We add a few notes on the coast. Two miles S. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. from Ambleteuse is Wimreux, where there is a basin capable of containing several sail of vessels. S.S.W. two and three quarter miles from Wimreux, and near three leagues south from Cape Grisner, is the entrance of Boulogne harbour. Between Ambleteuse and Boulogne are several rocks under water, at the distance of two or three cables' length from the land. The harbour of Boulogne, which was dry at low water, and nearly barred by the sandbank, has been much improved of late years, but is still difficult of access, and has not water



BOULOGNE HARBOUR.

enough when the tide is out. It consists of the channel of the River Lianne, and of a semicircular basin on the left bank of the river. At low water the vessels rest in the mud, through which the stream finds its way to the ocean. From the mouth of the river two piers are carried out about 2000 feet into the sea.

In the sailing directions for the English Channel we find the distance between Boulogne and the mouth of the Canche, or harbour of Etaples, to be high land, and to have a whitish appearance from the sea; but this does not coincide with Mr. Green's statement. The only port of note between Boulogne and Dieppe is St. Valery; but the entrance to its harbour is impeded by a great bank, extending two miles out to sea, but over which the tide rises only eight or nine feet.

LITERATURE.

LETTERS ON SOUTH AMERICA, COMPRISING TRAVELS ON THE BANKS OF THE PARANA AND RIO DE LA PLATA. BY J. P. AND W. P. ROBERTSON, Authors of "Letters on Paraguay," and "Francia's Reign." In 3 volumes. John Murray.

As there are men who ride their hobby-horses to death, so there are authors who, having got hold of a good subject, will never give it up. They write perhaps one valuable and interesting book on it, and on the strength of the credit they have thus established with the public, they proceed to make a series of experiments on their patience, which are perhaps only brought to a close when the stock of that inestimable commodity is exhausted. The dishes of the first course are hashed up for re-entry at the second, and after a cup or two of well-flavoured tea, we are expected to swallow the sweepings of the urn and the dregs of the slop-basin.

Although the work before us is constructed in great part on these principles, it is nevertheless a readable book, to those at least to whom the subject is new, which is more than can be said for many books published now-a-days. It is written in the gossiping style which a traveller might use, in recounting his adventures to his friends, after his return home, over the social board. As might be expected, it is inferior in all respects, both in the amount of information, and in the spirit and point with which it is conveyed, to the former works of the authors, which were concerned with the same subject. In those we had the cream of the milk-pail, now we have the thin and watery residuum. There are, however, as in almost every book written about countries of circumstances and habits so different from our own, amusing incidents, anecdotes, and sketches of manners and character. The authors have been hard run to eke out their three volumes, for they treat us, in a work on South America, to two or three chapters on Edinburgh and the Highlands of Scotland; yet we fear we have not seen the last of them, since in the concluding sentence, in which they speak of "this series of our Letters on South America," they seem to hint at a future three volume sequel. When this appears, we trust they will have the good sense and taste to drop the farce of the epistolary form, or rather appellation. Their letters have nothing of that character but the name; no one would suppose that they ever passed, as such, from one person to another: they are plainly sketches, or recollections, and nothing else. Great part of these "letters" is occupied by a narrative of the occurrences of the revolution in Buenos Ayres, and the adjacent regions. We cannot say that this possesses much interest. Milton's remark on the history of the Anglo-Saxons may be applied with quite as much truth and force to the South Americans,—that their wars and dissensions are no more worth recording than the squabbles of so many kites and crows. We recommend the authors also not to go beyond their depth, or meddle with matters of which they are ignorant. What do they mean by saying (vol. ii. p. 265) that "the high-toned Thucydides makes a display of a Grecian navy, which might have been stowed away, men and all, in the hold of one of our seventy-four?"

When the brothers Robertson arrived in 1815 at Corrientes, the capital town of a province on the Parana, several hundred miles from Buenos Ayres, they found the country in a state of complete disorganization, ravaged in every direction by the Gauchos, a race of men utterly uncivilized, half-peasant, half-bandit. Southey, in his "History of Brazil," has drawn a frightful picture of the life of a similar class in that country. We will place before our readers the authors' account of one of the better kind of those personages, who, strange to say, was a Hibernian by birth, a deserter from the army which General Beresford commanded, on the expedition to the river Plate.

DON PEDRO CAMPBELL, THE IRISH GAUCHO.

Sitting one evening under the corridor of my house, there came up to my very chair, on horseback, a tall, raw-boned, ferocious-looking man, in Gaucho attire, with two cavalry pistols stuck in his girdle, a sabre in a rusty steel scabbard pending from a besmeared belt of half-tanned leather, red whiskers and mustachios,—hair uncombed of the same colour, matted with perspiration, and powdered with dust. His face was not only burnt almost to blackness by the sun, but it was blistered to the eyes; while large pieces of shrivelled skin stood ready to fall from his parched lips. He wore a pair of plain ear-rings, a foraging cap, a tattered poncho, blue jacket, with tarnished red facings; a large knife in a leather sheath; a pair of potro boots, and rusty iron spurs, with rowels an inch and a half in diameter. His horse was a noble animal, and sweated profusely. His gored sides were panting; his nostrils distended: he champed his enormous bit, tossing his head till he foamed at the mouth, and besprinkled both his own body and that of his master with froth.

Behind this Orlando Furioso there rode one whom he called his *paje* (pronounced in Spanish gutturally) or page; but such a page saw I never. He was the counterpart of his master, except that the locks in the one case were red, and in the other jet black, coarse and tangled as the uncombed mane of a colt just taken up from grass. The page rode with the head of his horse close upon the tail of his master's; and then, both throwing the reins over the heads of their jaded steeds, they dismounted. I took them for two of the most ferocious of Artiga's banditti, and, supposing they would presently be followed by more of the same class, I muttered, *sub silentio*, "Ave Maria, ora pro nobis."

As I was ever wont to do upon occasions of such ominous visits, I rose and requested my two guests to be seated. Often had I gone through a similar ceremony with the Artigueros, but never with two such fierce-looking troopers as those who now stood before me. I was going into the house to order porter and spirits, and to bring out some silver, when, to my great astonishment, but still greater delight, the master of the page respectfully took off his foraging cap, made an awkward obeisance, and said in bad Spanish, with an accent which soon convinced me he was no *Creole* Gaucho, "No se afilia, Señor Robertson, estamos bien aquí." (Doubt put yourself out of the way, Mr. Robertson, we are very well as we are.) The Hibernian brogue, the mangled Spanish, the countenance when closely scanned, the caroty locks, and bright grey eyes, all revealed to me a son of the Sister Isle, transformed into a more fearful-looking Gaucho than any native one I had ever beheld.

VOYAGE DOWN THE PARAGUAY.

I came down the river Paraguay in a *piragua*, a vessel unknown to the English reader. Although it floats on the waters, and conveyed me and all the *débris* of our Paraguay property safely from Assumption to Corrientes, it was a vessel propelled by neither wind nor steam. It was, as elsewhere described, a large square box, with a sort of house, or, as it was called, *trough*, built on the top of it; and, being only guided by huge oars or sweeps, the navigating in it was anything but plain sailing. After six days of unweary exertion, however, my sturdy and laborious Paraguay crew brought the *piragua* to the mouth of the Paraguay, or to the confluence of that river and the Parana, a short way above Corrientes. As we emerged from behind an island which lay in our way, on the Paraguay, and obstructed our view, all at once the mighty expanse of the mingling waters of those two majestic rivers burst upon my sight; and truly I know not in what part of the world a grander piece of scenery is to be found. The waters, at the confluence, spread out like a great estuary, and many beautiful islands lie scattered on their surface. The surrounding and more distant banks are on all sides clothed with wood, and on the Parana border the fine rising grounds which swell up behind enhance the beauty of the scene. Strong currents and eddies whirl in the various channels, and play about the islands; till, coming to a lower point, the grand and deepening body of the united streams, compressed in breadth, flows down in smooth and tranquil silence. The two rivers, after they have become one, maintain, for many miles, their respective colours, in a clearly defined line—the Paraguay having a red and muddy appearance, the Parana a clear and pelucid one; but both merging, at last, into this glassy and pelucid aspect.

We close our extracts with an account of the strange manner in which the inhabitants of Buenos Ayres amused themselves during the Carnival.

The Sunday afternoon being among all Catholics devoted to amusement and recreation, on the one which preceded Ash Wednesday the carnival commenced. It approached with insidious moderation. As you walked along the street, you found yourself suddenly besprinkled with *eau de Cologne*, by some fair lady sitting at her window; and presently you saw a dandy throwing rose-water in at some other casement. If you made a call, some scented water was perhaps gently discharged at you from a small ivory syringe; or two or three of the inmates might bedew you at once from their lavender bottles. Nay, a plover's egg might be thrown at you, which, breaking on your head or body, you found it to be only the shell filled with *eau de mille fleurs*, which immediately perfumed both yourself and the room. This would have been very well had the diversion stopped here. But on going out on Monday morning the streets gave signs here and there of being unusually well watered. Suddenly you found yourself partially drenched, not by *eau de mille fleurs*, but by common well water. As you stopped somewhat angrily to dry yourself, behold a sudden discharge from the other side of the street, which fell upon you like a shower-bath. You found by degrees that you had to proceed with increased caution; for, not only from the houses, but from passengers in the street, you were liable at every turn to have a ducking. After siesta, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the skirmishing evidently increased. Jars full of water were thrown on all passers-by, and those who were on one *azotea* exchanged shots with their neighbours on the next: immense syringes were used in the streets for attacking the house-tops; and egg-shells, which had been in process of collection for many previous weeks, and which were sold by the dozen for the occasion filled with water, and closed at the end, flew about like so many bombs, amid the screams of the fair damsels who occupied the ramparts of the besieged citadels; that is, the *azoteas* of the houses, consisting generally of only the ground-floor. But Sunday and Monday sunk into utter insignificance when compared with Tuesday, the real "Derby" of the carnival week. As if the two previous days had only been a sort of trial of strength, the terrible battle was waged on the third and concluding day. It was as if Buenos Ayres were a city of mad-houses, and all the inmates of them simultaneously let loose. The highest families and the most delicate females caught the infection. One would have thought that they had invoked the god of the River Plate to come forth with all his stores, in order to give effect to the saturnalia of the people of his capital. Tubs, casks, slipper-baths, jars, jugs, and mugs were all arranged on the *azoteas*, filled with water. The streets were paraded by masked horsemen and by pedestrians, daring the fair ones on the house-tops to battle. Family fought with family, and streams of water flowed through the streets, washed the walls, and filled the interior of the houses. Sometimes carried away by an irresistible paroxysm, the ladies would rush from the *azotea* to the front gate, to make quite sure of deluging some individual picked out from the crowd. Now a door was attacked by a band of young men, carried by them, and then they were seen on the *azotea*, engaged at close quarters in a water combat with the inmates. All of course were drenched to the skin, the robes of the ladies clinging to their forms, and the water dripping from them as if they had just come out of their baths. The encounters in the street were often of the rudest, nay, almost savage kind. Horsemen ran up against horsemen; knives sometimes gleamed; missiles went through the air, particularly ostrich eggs, which, from their immense weight, were always dangerous, and, in some cases, proved fatal; and every soul being dripping wet, horses and all, the irresistible feeling on a quiet spectator's mind was, that universal insanity pervaded the town. Many accidents, of course, every year occurred: and I believe not a few females of delicate constitution died from the effects of cold, caught during their eight and forty hours continuous immersion in water.

CRITICISMS IN ART, AND SKETCHES OF THE PICTURE GALLERIES OF ENGLAND. BY WILLIAM HAZLITT. With Catalogues of the Principal Galleries, now first collected. 1 vol., 12mo., pp. 335. John Templeman.

A republication of Hazlitt's "Criticisms on Art," which, as a collection of amusing essays on that inviting subject, written no doubt partly for effect, but containing much excellent matter, will be generally agreeable.

MULTUM IN PARVO; a new Work on Astronomy, the Magnet, Tides, &c., with engraved Illustrations: Longitude gained by several new Methods, and a perfect System of Navigation, totally dispensing with Mercator's Sailing. By THOMAS HEDGCOCK, Master R.N. Second Edition. Printed and Published for the Author. 1 vol., 8vo., pp. 115.

Every navigator should have this book, the scientific attainments shown in which reflect much credit on the author.

POUNDS, SHILLINGS, AND PENCE. BY T. MARTIN, Accountant. 1 vol., 12mo. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

A useful manual for commercial men, containing a great variety of monetary calculations, with several new rules which the author's experience has enabled him to furnish.

AN EFFICIENT REMEDY FOR THE DISTRESS OF NATIONS. BY JOHN GRAY, author of the "Social System, a Treatise on the Principle of Exchange." Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

Mr. Gray states that "he is just as satisfied as if the fact had already taken place, that the principle of exchange herein advocated will one day govern the commercial transactions of every civilized nation." And again, "The remedy I now propose inevitably must and will be adopted at some period or other; it might as well be so within the next five years as within the next five hundred; and it would be far better to adopt it now than even a century hence, so far as the present generation is concerned."—(Preface, p. x.)

Our readers will be curious to know what the panacea is in which the author expresses such over-weening confidence. This consists in transferring the operations of manufactures, by which the innumerable wants of society are supplied, from the hands of private traders to those of commissioners appointed by Government, and in erecting a standard bank and mint, which is to supply the money necessary for carrying on the business of the commissioners. It is not very evident whether Mr. Gray would suppress all attempts from individuals to interfere with this monopoly by penal enactments or not. This plan, which we have explained in three lines, Mr. Gray takes sixty pages to detail.

It would be a mere waste of words to enter into his proposal at any length; but we shall at once show the absurdity of the principles on which he proceeds. He says, "The fault of our present monetary system is this: money of the existing character cannot, by any possibility, be made to increase as fast as the aggregate of other commodities is capable of being increased" (p. 2)—and this is the core of the outcry which has been raised against the superabundance of money caused by the proceedings of the joint-stock banks, share-brokers, speculators, and others, within the last three years! All the world, but Mr. Gray, is of opinion that the supply of money is excessive. Again, he says, "The persons intrusted with this duty (that of superintending in Government manufactures) are to make all such goods as there is a constant want of among the various classes of society," &c. (P. 6.) But how are they to ascertain the amount of these wants? And, if they should, what security have we that they will supply them properly? These are questions which he does not attempt to answer.

The crowning merit of Mr. Gray's plan, as the lightly-taxed public of this country will no doubt consider it is, that Government is to advance, a sum of £50,000,000 sterling to carry his object into effect. We presume this will be enough for our readers; but those who are not satisfied can purchase the book, and judge for themselves whether or not we have given a fair account of it.

NAVAL AND MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

MALTA, Jan. 8.—DISTRIBUTION OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET.—At Malta, the Queen, 110, bearing the flag of Vice-Admiral Sir E. W. C. R. Owen, Commander-in-Chief; Ceylon, receiving ship, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir John Louis, superintendent of Malta dockyard; Impregnable, 104; Monarch, 84; and Geyser, Hecate, and Devastation, war steamers; Prometheus and Polyphemus steam-packets, and Beacon and Magpie, surveying vessels. At Lisbon, the Rodney, 92. At Gibraltar, the Savage, 10, and Owen Glendower convict-ship. On her way to Gibraltar from Malta, the Belvidera, 38. At Barcelona, the Inconstant, 36, and Cy-

clops steam-frigate. At Mahon, the Formidable, 84, and Vanguard, 80. At Corfu, L'Aigle, 24, and Snake, 16, and the Lizard steam-tender, on her way to the Ionian Islands and Patras, from Malta. At the Pireus of Athens, the Howe, 120, bearing the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir Francis Mason, second in command in the Mediterranean; and the Scout, 18. At Smyrna, the Magicienne, 24. At Vourla, the Indus, 78. At Constantinople, the Stromboli war-steamer. At Alexandria, the Medea war-steamer. At Beyrouth, the Vernon, 50, and Vesuvius war-steamer. At Marseilles, the Electro steam-packet.

COURT-MARTIAL.—At a court-martial held on board the Impregnable, in Malta harbour, on the 3rd and 4th of January, of which Vice-Admiral Sir John Louis, Bart., was president, and Captain Forrest, of her Majesty's ship Impregnable, Captain Chambers, of her Majesty's ship Monarch, Commanders R. Barton, of her Majesty's ship Monarch, and W. Kitchen, of her Majesty's ship Queen, were members, to try Mr. J. W. Saunders, Acting Master of the Geyser, on charges preferred by Commander Carpenter, first, as relates to the vessel's lately getting on shore on the Guadiana Reef, off Cephalonia; and secondly, for disobedience of orders, in (respectfully, as we understand) giving up his charge on the subsequent voyage, when ordered to steer a course directly opposite to that which he considered the right, safe, and proper one. The court, after a most patient investigation, came to a decision to reprimand the Master on the first charge, and cautioned him to be more careful in future, though it declared that it did not result that he was *entirely* in charge of the vessel, which sentence, as a matter of course, carries with it a reproof to the Commander. On the second charge, of disobedience, Mr. Saunders, the prisoner, was fully acquitted.

Mr. O. W. Lang, eldest son of Mr. Oliver Lang, master shipwright of the Woolwich dockyard, has been appointed acting-master shipwright's assistant at Woolwich, for service at Deptford, to superintend the work in that department at the Deptford dockyard. It is expected the fitting of all transport vessels will be accomplished under the cognisance of Government, and that Deptford dockyard will be selected for that purpose. The Worcester, 50-gun frigate, building at Deptford dockyard, will be launched early in the summer of this year.

It is a gratification to know that the colours of the 44th Regiment were preserved by Captain Souter in the retreat, who wrapped them round his waist when made prisoner in the attack and massacre near Gundamuck.

THE ARMY IN IRELAND.—Colonel Mansel will remain in charge of the Limerick garrison and district until the arrival of Major-General Lord Downes next month. Colonel M. Beresford, assistant adjutant-general, Cork, Colonel Sir C. O'Donnell, late 15th Hussars, and Lieutenant-Colonel F. Fuller, 93rd, late assistant adjutant-general at Barbados, are severally mentioned to succeed Colonel Mansel in the Limerick district.

COURT-MARTIAL AT SHEERNESS.—On Tuesday Lieutenant Commander H. Winthrop and Officers, late of her Majesty's steam-packet Spitfire, were tried on board of her Majesty's ship Camperdown, for the loss of the said steam-vessel, on the West Indian station, and honourably acquitted. Her Majesty's brigantine Charybdis is to be paid off at Sheerness on Friday.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

THE LOSS OF THE CONQUEROR.

IMPORTANT STATEMENT OF CAPT. THOMPSON.

The following extraordinary narrative of the circumstances of the above calamity has been gained from Captain Thompson, who returned from Boulogne on Saturday evening last:

It appears that on reaching that place on Tuesday week, Captain Thompson waited on Mr. Hamilton, the British Consul, who sent his son with that gentleman to the residence of Mr. Solly, the undertaker, in whose care those bodies already recovered from the wreck had been placed. Captain Thompson immediately recognised his sister-in-law, Mrs. Thompson, and Miss Turton. He also suspected that two of the bodies of the children were his nephew and niece. Abchurch, from his debilitated state, had not at this time been able to identify the bodies; but on a subsequent occasion he confirmed Captain Thompson's impression. On inquiring whether any articles had been found on Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Solly, the undertaker's wife, produced two rings which had been taken from the finger of the unfortunate lady; one of them was the guard to her wedding-ring, and bore her initials, "E. W. E. T.", and the date of her marriage, "15th Sept. 1832." The wedding-ring itself was not forthcoming, and the finger from which the rings had been taken was broken. Two silver bangles were also found belonging to Miss Turton, Abchurch having frequently seen her wear them during the voyage. The undertaker's wife also produced a pair of stockings, which she said belonged to Miss Turton. Captain Thompson then inquired what other articles of dress that lady had on at the time her body was discovered. Mrs. Solly replied that the pair of stockings were, she understood, all that Miss Turton had on when her body came ashore. This account was subsequently confirmed by Monsieur Dupont, highly respectable merchant of Boulogne, who having received intelligence of the wreck on Friday night, the 13th inst., reached Lornel before five on the following Saturday morning, and discovered Miss Turton's body on the beach. A statement so extraordinary excited much surprise in the mind of Captain Thompson, and he sent to Abchurch to know how the body was dressed when Miss Turton left the ship. The answer was that when she was handed into the boat she was completely dressed, with stays, gown, and everything. The assumption, therefore, could only be, that the body had been found by some inhuman wretches, stripped of everything, and then thrown into the sea again. Miss Turton, when discovered by M. Dupont, opened her eyes, sighed, and expired. This gentleman also states that Mrs. Thompson's daughter, Ellen, was still alive when thrown upon the shore; that he immediately rubbed her with his handkerchief, took off a hair cloak which she then had on, and used every means for her recovery, but without effect. Out of the number of bodies which have come on shore, the only one which had any article of dress upon it was that of Mrs. Johnson. Finding the initials "E. J." marked upon some portion of her linen, the fishermen's wives supposed her to be Mrs. Jenkins, and laid her out accordingly under that name. The body of Captain Duggan has not yet been recovered, and there is reason to fear that he, like Miss Turton, met with some foul treatment, and that his body was afterwards buried in the sand. This surmise appears to be strengthened by the fact that some articles which are known to have belonged to that unfortunate gentleman have been recovered from different parties. It is generally stated that very little assistance was rendered to any of the unfortunate individuals who reached the shore, with the exception of the boy Abchurch; he was taken to the lighthouse and properly attended to.

Captain Thompson had a long interview with Abchurch on Thursday week, and learned from him the following particulars of the wreck:—It appears that they saw the French coast on Thursday night, the 12th inst., having made the Lizard light on the previous Monday. The sea was very boisterous on the Wednesday and Thursday, and the captain did not appear to have much faith in the skill of the fisherman who had been taken on board off Torbay, to steer the ship through the Channel. Abchurch says the ship struck about 10 at night. The captain went into the cabin, and informed the ladies and the other passengers that they were on the French coast, where no boats were likely to put off to their aid, or any other assistance could be afforded, and that they must trust to Providence for protection. During the night the men behaved remarkably well, and obeyed every order given by the officers with great fortitude. It does not appear that either of the masts was cut away, but probably this may have arisen from the tremendous breaches which the sea made over the vessel rendering such a task impossible. The ship held together very stoutly until nearly five in the morning of Saturday, the 14th inst., when her bottom timbers began to give way. Captain Duggan now went down into the cabin and told the ladies that it was all over, and that he would see them put into the boat, and perhaps they might reach the shore. At this time Mrs. Thompson was dressed, and sitting by the side of her children's cot. Miss Turton and the other ladies were also dressed. About nine o'clock the vessel broke up, and, although greatly alarmed, the ladies got safely on the deck, and Captain Duggan and Mr. Rogers, the surgeon, handed them into the boat, which was suspended from the side of the vessel by the "falls." In consequence of the tackle being entangled, the boat could not be lowered in the usual way, and the lines being cut, it dropped into the sea. Abchurch and another boy were the only sailors in the boat, and the former states that the whole of the ladies kept their seats firmly

bert (a gentleman who is remaining on the spot for the purpose of performing the last sad offices to any of the bodies which may hereafter be found) states that a small stick, two feet long, thrust into the beach, will frequently be almost hidden in the course of a few hours. There is, however, too much reason to fear that many of the bodies have been ransacked for the property about them, and then buried in the sand by the inhuman wretches who infest the coast.

The light at Lornel is small and exceedingly defective. Abchurch says that it was distinctly seen before the vessel struck. The ships in the harbour were dashed together, and were deserted by their crews. The most serious disasters were apprehended. The accounts from the south and west of France state generally that the inundations were subsiding, without having inflicted so much danger as was apprehended. A great deal of property appears, however, to have been destroyed in many places. This was particularly the case in the neighbourhood of Perigueux, and on the road to Teste the village of Mestras was almost laid under water.

DREADFUL LOSS OF LIFE ON THE DONEGAL COAST.

The storm of Friday night, the 13th inst., produced results on the coast of Donegal almost as calamitous as those in the Bay of Dundrum. As the boats belonging to the Rosses Herring Fishery were engaged in hauling their nets on the north side of the Isle of Arran, a violent gale of wind suddenly sprung up from the north, and in a very short space of time it increased to a perfect hurricane. Every effort was made by the boatmen to reach the shore, but, alas! twelve poor fellows were doomed to a premature and watery grave, ten of whom formed the crew of one of Mr. F. Forster's large fishing yawls—the other two men were lost out of separate boats. A few days previous to this lamentable occurrence, as a boat was returning from Burton Port to Arran, she was capsized, and six persons out of nine were unfortunately drowned.

At Tubberkrum, a boat's crew, consisting of ten men, were all swallowed up in the deep by a heavy sea upsetting their boat.—Another melancholy accident happened a few days previous to the loss above-mentioned. A boat from Arroonmore was returning home, when a storm arose, which upset the boat, and six brave men were thrown out, three of whom escaped a watery grave.

During the dreadful storm, a Galway wherry, with fishing tackle for Killybegs, when entering that harbour, the night being dark, and they not being acquainted with the port, struck on the Rotten Island, and went to pieces, throwing the crew (seven persons) on the mercy of the waves. Three of the men sunk to rise no more; the other four were driven on a rock, where they remained a few minutes, hoping they had escaped a watery grave, but they were washed off by another wave, and one of them, an old man, was drowned. The remaining three were once more left on the rock by the waves; and the sea falling, they were able to remain in their perilous situation until next morning, when some fishermen seeing them, went to their assistance, got them into their boat, and conveyed them to shore. Andrew Cassidy, Esq., of Bruckless, on hearing of their misfortune, brought a doctor to see them, and we are happy to learn they are doing well. One of them (the captain) is brother to the owner. The only article saved was about two hundred sovereigns, which the captain had sewed up in a purse and tied round his body, with which he intended to purchase salt and herrings.

TOTAL LOSS OF THE NEW TIMES OFF THE COAST OF AFRICA.

The following letter, addressed to Messrs. Hatton and Co., of Watlings-street, the owners of the New Times, detailing the destruction of that vessel, with the whole of her cargo, by an explosion of gunpowder, on the 18th of October last, was received on Monday afternoon, from their agent at Aghay, who went out as supercargo in the above ship:—

"Badaguy, October 14, 1842.

"My dear Sir,—When I left Cape Coast on board the New Times, with her valuable cargo, I calculated on a successful trading expedition down the coast, and of returning to Cape Town in due time to perform the pleasing duty of acquainting you with the result of my exertions; and little did I expect that all my hopes and prospects would, in a sudden and extraordinary manner, be cut off by a painful dispensation of Providence, which has at one stroke deprived us of the vessel and her cargo.

"We anchored at Aghay on the 6th instant. We had landed no cargo from and after Wednesday, the 12th, and had no communication with the New Times; but, as Captain Rowe was on board, we of course calculated on all being well, both with the vessel and the crew. At one o'clock, P.M., the following day (Thursday, the 13th) we heard a report of a tremendous explosion in the direction of the beach, and saw an immense volume of black smoke rising immediately over the spot where the vessel was anchored, and as I knew we had a large quantity of gunpowder on board, I instantly suspected the destruction of the vessel.

"Although the town of Badaguy is situated about two and a half miles from the sea, and the ground on which it is built so low that the hull of a vessel in the roads cannot be seen from the town, yet the masts could be distinctly seen from the most elevated spot. We hastened to the coast, and found that the New Times had disappeared. We immediately crossed the river, which was between Badaguy and the sea, and proceeded with all possible haste to the beach, and, on our arrival there, I regret to say that we could see no vestige of the vessel, or any person to give us the least information about her.

"I can form some idea of the distress which you will feel, and deeply do I sympathise with you in the heavy loss you have sustained. I wish I could add some information relative to the safety of the captain and the crew, as a means of alleviating the grief which you must feel; but I fear the worst, and must add to the foregoing sad record my conviction that every soul on board has perished.

"To form an idea as to the cause of this sad disaster is impossible, and none being spared to give information, it must for ever remain a mystery. At the time of the explosion I was engaged taking stock with Captain Parsons, from whose stores we could have seen the smoke had the vessel been on fire previous to the explosion; and, moreover, had such been the case, the crew would certainly have had sufficient time to get into the boat, or to a large canoe which was attached to the stern of the vessel. This proves that the explosion was instantaneous. Half an hour at least elapsed after we heard the explosion before we reached the beach, at which time, I have already stated, not a vestige of the New Times could be seen. I nevertheless got a canoe, and sufficient hands to man the two boats above-mentioned, which were floating away to leeward. These three canoes then steered in different directions in search of the poor sufferers, pulling from the wreck down the coast five or six miles; but I regret to say, after an unsuccessful cruise, they returned at dusk. Shortly after we reached the beach something was perceived in the water, which, on examination, proved to be the jib-boom, windlass, and spritsail yard. As it is still stationary, and a little above water, and not having seen any portion of the hull, with the exception of a piece of coppered plank about a foot square, which was found in one of the canoes, we conclude the stern of the vessel was blown out, and that she had sunk at her anchor. Whether her decks or masts were blown out we cannot say, but it is evident that the principal part of her cargo has floated away from her; for, in two hours after the accident, the sea was covered with the tattered remnants of cloth, puncheon packs, butt-ends of muskets, &c.; but there being no other canoes, we were unable to save anything.

"Besides the original crew the New Times shipped three others at Cape Coast—viz., William Calthorpe and two Kroomen.

"I have kept a look-out along the coast for several miles, but as yet none of the bodies have been washed on shore.—I remain, sir, your most obedient servant,

"J. H. AKHURST."

The New Times was engaged in the African trade, and left London towards the end of June, 1842, under the command of Captain Alexander Rowe. The crew consisted of the following persons:—Henry Hall, first mate; Samuel Whitman, second ditto; Wm. Johnson, Matthew Lymer, John N. Holland, John Macdowell, seamen; Thomas Guy and John Sherlock, apprentices; and, in addition, William Calthorpe (late of the Medora) was shipped at Cape Coast, as well as two Calthorpe Kroomen.

From the fact of the New Times being at anchor off the coast, and not engaged in disembarking her cargo at the period of the explosion, considerable mystery exists as to the cause of the accident. It is well known that gunpowder forms an important article of trade with all ships on this coast, but it is invariably stowed away in a portion of the vessel termed the magazine, and separated by a strong partition from the rest of the cargo. No light is ever taken near the magazine, and it is feared that a quarrel must have originated among the crew, and thus caused the melancholy result. Captain Rowe was a man of considerable experience, but the present was his first voyage in the New Times.

About six years since Messrs. Hatton and Co. lost another ship, the Rolla, near the same spot, by a somewhat similar catastrophe. The ship on that occasion caught fire, and the crew, being unable to stay its progress, abandoned the vessel just before the flames communicated to the magazine, when she blew up, and was entirely destroyed.

The New Times was built for the African trade, and was 200 tons burden. She is stated to be underwritten at Lloyd's, though not to the full amount of her loss.

The *Semaphore* of Marsailles states that accounts have been brought by the Charlemagne, which arrived on the 17th, of a violent storm on the coast of Italy. At Genoa the wind raged with such fury that the inhabitants of the houses at the Mole abandoned them, in a dread of their being blown down. Several vessels had been wrecked on the coast. A Bayonne letter, of the 16th instant, gives the following particulars of the effects of the late storm in the Bay of Biscay:—"At a large, in the afternoon of the 15th the sea became so rough that it washed down a considerable portion of the principal quay, and made its way into the town, creating a general alarm, and causing the tocsin to be sounded. The ships in the harbour were dashed together, and were deserted by their crews. The most serious disasters were apprehended. The accounts from the south and west of France, by yesterday's post, state generally that the inundations were subsiding, without having inflicted so much injury as was apprehended. A great deal of property appears, however, to have been destroyed in many places. This was particularly the case in the neighbourhood of Perigueux, and on the road to Teste the village of Mestras was almost laid under water."

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

A singular incident occurred to the Duke of Wellington, a few minutes after Mr. Drummond was wounded. His grace had left the Commander-in-Chief's office, and was crossing the parade in St. James's-park, when a stout-made youth, about sixteen or seventeen years of age, ran with considerable violence against his grace. The collision caused his grace to stagger and nearly to fall. A policeman on duty witnessing the occurrence, and with the fact of the recent attempted assassination being upon his mind, ran up and secured the person, believing that some intended violence had been used towards the duke. The lad instantly made an apology, without being aware of the high rank of the person he had so unintentionally assaulted, and his grace was understood to reply—"I will take no apology," and instantly passed on. The policeman construing this into a charge, conveyed the lad to Gardner's-lane station-house, where it was deemed advisable to detain the lad until it could be ascertained whether it was the intention of the Duke of Wellington to charge him with the assault. After a detention of upwards of three hours he was given over to his friends.

Several Cabinet Councils have been held during the week, at which it is understood matters of the gravest importance have been discussed. On Monday Her Majesty's Ministers assembled at the Foreign-office, and sat two hours. Sir James Graham arrived express from Brighton, for the purpose of attending the meeting.

On Tuesday afternoon a second Cabinet Council was held at the private residence of Lord Fitzgerald and Vesci. Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Buccleuch, Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Earl of Haddington, Lord Fitzgerald, and Sir Henry Hardinge, were present. The Ministers met at three o'clock, and the council broke up at half-past five o'clock.

FISHMONGERS AND POULTERERS' ASYLUM BENEFIT BALL.—On Monday night there was a grand ball at Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's, for the benefit of the Society "for providing an Asylum and Relief for aged infirm Fishmongers and Poulterers, and their Wives or Widows; also occasionally Relief to their Necessitous Orphans." The arrangements were of the most delightful and liberal character, and the succession of dances judiciously concerted. Adams's band was in attendance, and played with the accustomed effect.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF BANKRUPTCY, TUESDAY.

IN RE DAVID HANNAY—THE MARYLEBONE BANK.

The bankrupt in this case, who had been the manager of the Marylebone Joint Stock Bank, appeared in court to pass his final examination, which had been adjourned from time to time, in consequence of the unsatisfactory nature of his cash accounts. During his examination he stated that much of the intricacy which occurred in these accounts arose from loans which he had raised in the City, with the cognizance of several of the directors, amongst whom were members of the House of Commons. Several creditors having objected against the bankrupt being allowed to pass, as his cash account was very unsatisfactory to them, Sir Charles Williams said he did not wish to defer a bankrupt's final examination, owing to any frivolous objections on the part of creditors.—Mr. Graham said the bankrupt had only given him his cash account on Friday week, and owing to the shortness of the time, he was unable to look it over.—The final examination was then ordered to stand for Tuesday next, when the official assignee would be able to sift the cash account, which was very voluminous, and embraced many of the transactions of the Marylebone Bank.

SHERIFFS' COURT.—TUESDAY.

(Before Mr. Under-Sheriff James Burchell.)

FAILURE OF THE SHEFFIELD BANK.

This was crown extent directed to James Burchell, Esq., and Robert Henry Foreman, Esq., two of her Majesty's Commissioners, to inquire what sum was due and owing to the Crown from Hugh Parker, Offley Shore, John Brewin, and John Rogers, bankers and co-partners. Evidence was adduced that the defendants had received £157 from Charles Lake, Esq., of Weedon, Northampton, barrackmaster, of her Majesty's barracks at Weedon, and still retained the same in their hands. The money had been paid by Mr. Lake into their bank for safe custody, and the jury found that the defendants were indebted to the Crown in the sum claimed, which will enable the Sheriff to make a seizure forthwith.

POLICE.

GUILDFORD.—On Tuesday Sergeant Teague, of the City police, who had, on a previous day, been desired to make a minute of the accidents which occur on the wood pavement in the Poultry, in certain states of the weather, made his report to Sir Peter Laurie, who presided on the occasion. From this report it appeared that between Friday evening week and Monday evening, there being no frost in the interval, as many as nineteen horses had fallen down on that short piece of wood pavement.—A gentleman referred to the danger of crossing from Cheapside to St. Paul's Churchyard since the east end of the yard had been paved with wood. Light vehicles now came without noise, and, in the dark, upon persons crossing.—Sir Peter Laurie said the wood pavement could not be used at all on declivities such as Holbornbridge or Blackfriars. He had no greater pecuniary interest in promoting the use of granite pavement than of wooden pavement. He had no interest in either, and if any accident were to happen to a valuable horse belonging to him from travelling over the wood pavement, he would bring an action against the parish authorities who caused it to be laid down, for he would maintain that nobody had a right to make the public highway impassable. Even a shopkeeper, he thought, might sustain an action for the damage he sustained by rendering his premises unapproachable with safety by customers who rode on horseback, or who kept valuable carriage horses. He directed Sergeant Teague to continue to register the accidents.

BOW-STREET.—A young man, who gave the name of Austin Guiche, was placed at the bar before Mr. Hall for final examination, charged with forging a cheque for the sum of £10, upon Messrs. Robarts, Curtis, and Co., bankers.—Mr. H. Ellis, a Jeweller, &c., residing in King-street, Covent-garden, stated that on the evening of the 14th instant, the prisoner called at his shop for a watch and chain, for which he had previously agreed to give the sum of £5 10s. He then tendered in payment the check produced for £10, purporting to be drawn by "Charles Tailor," upon Messrs. Robarts and Co. Witness, not feeling inclined to part with his property without first ascertaining the genuineness of the cheque, desired his young man to go and make some inquiries about it. Upon hearing him give those instructions the prisoner bolted out of the shop, but an alarm being given he was stopped and taken into custody.—Witnesses were called who proved the check to be forged, and a similar case was established against the prisoner as having occurred with Messrs. Twining, the bankers and tea dealers in the Strand.—The prisoner was remanded.

MARLBOROUGH-STREET.—BUTLERS' PERQUISITES.—William Law, underbutler to J. Gladstone, Esq., No. 6, Carlton-gardens, was brought before Mr. Hardwick, charged with having plundered his master of a quantity of wax candles.—The prisoner, it appeared, had been in Mr. Gladstone's service about two years, and it was his duty to take charge of the candles and light department. For some time past Mr. Gladstone has entertained a suspicion that his consumption of wax candles was greater than needful, but nothing occurred to induce him to believe that he was robbed by his servants until recently. A day or two ago he sent for Mr. Davies, his wax chandler, and asked him if it was the custom for servants to dispose of wax-candle pieces, and was answered in the affirmative; and on further examination it appeared that a few days previously the prisoner had been paid £2 18s. for a parcel weighing 41 lbs. Mr. Davies mentioned that it was the regular practice throughout the trade to buy wax ends and scrapings from gentlemen's servants. From the highest to the lowest house in the trade the custom was adopted. In fact, in some cases it was almost a recognised system of plunder; for if a number of pounds of wax candles were sent in by some tradesmen, the servants regularly sent back a quantity untouched, and were paid for it. In oil the same practice was adopted. Indeed, he had known that where 70 gallons were sent in, no less than 25 gallons were returned and allowed to the servant. The fault arose from the neglect of gentlemen in looking after their servants and tradesmen. If gentlemen took the trouble to attend to their household affairs, they would find a wonderful diminution in the amount of their yearly bills.—The prisoner, having declined to say anything, was fully committed.

LAMBETH-STREET.—JOSEPH SMITH, alias SANDS, AND MARY ANNE SMITH.—were brought before Mr. Henry, for final examination, on a charge of coinage. From the evidence adduced, it appeared that on Saturday last the prisoners, who were known to be notorious "smashers," were followed to their lodgings in Castle-alley, Whitechapel, by three constables belonging to the 11th division of police, and while they stood on the stairs, they heard a jinking noise, and the male prisoner exclaimed, "how hard it sticks." They then forced in the door, and saw the male prisoner with a mould in his hands, which he instantly dashed into the fire-place, and both him and his companion exclaimed, "Oh! what shall we do?" The officers instantly secured Sands and handcuffed him, and while they were searching the place, he rushed to the fire-place, and, with extraordinary dexterity, laid hold of a piece of plaster of Paris mould with a sixpence that had just been

coined, and popped them into his mouth. The constable True caught him by the throat, while Marland held his jaw, to prevent his swallowing the counterfeit, but the prisoner told them "it was useless, as it was gone, and that he had a right to do the best he could for himself." On searching the fire-place, the officers found on the fire an iron spoon, the hollow part of which was about half-full of a white metal, in a fluid state, and amongst the ashes half a mould for casting sixpences of the present reign, as well as other materials to show that coining had been carried on to a considerable extent.—In reply to the questions of Mr. Henry, the officers said that, after swallowing the sixpence, the sufferings of the male prisoner were very intense, as his tongue and lips were so severely burnt, and both became so much swollen and inflamed, that he could not articulate for some time.—Mr. Powell, the solicitor for the Mint, said the prisoners were well known as practised "smashers," and they were fully committed to Newgate for trial.

UNION-HALL.—DARING ROBBERY.—Thomas Woolley and James Vickey were brought before Mr. Cottingham, at Union-hall, charged with plundering a public-house, called the Duke's Head, in the Mint, of a considerable quantity of property. The prisoners were suspected of belonging to a gang of thieves who have committed great depredations on the property of licensed victuallers of the metropolis. On the preceding afternoon the prisoners and three other men called at the Duke's Head, and were for some time drinking in the tap-room. In the course of a short time Woolley got up, and going over to a young man named Kelly, who was sitting in another part of the room, spoke to him, saying, "We are going to do some work up stairs; don't you notice us, else it will be the worse for you." Kelly, from what was said, thought they were going to rob the house, and in reply said that it was no business of his, and that he should not interfere either one way or the other. The prisoners shortly after this got up and left the room, and soon after their departure Kelly went into the bar and communicated his suspicion to the landlady, who, unwilling to leave the bar, sent her daughter up stairs to examine the bedroom and see that all was right. The daughter, upon entering the apartment, found the place in a state of confusion—the drawers, boxes, and cupboards open, and a portion of their contents lying strewn about the floor. The girl was so alarmed that she fell down in a fainting fit; and her long absence creating surprise her mother and some other persons went upstairs, and found her in the situation above described, and the room in a state of utter disorder. It was then discovered that the whole of the property of any value was gone, and that the thieves had obtained access to the apartment by means of a ladder, which they placed against the window at the rear of the premises, and that they had broken two panes of glass to get in. It further appeared that in order to convey away the property they had a cart waiting in a by-street at the back of the house; and, having filled it, they drove off, and so made their escape. Two witnesses were called who had seen the cart waiting in the place described, and they also identified the two prisoners as being engaged in loading it. Owing to information having been given to the police the prisoners were shortly afterwards taken into custody, but as yet none of the property has been found. As others of the gang are likely to be taken into custody, the prisoners, who asserted their innocence of the offence, were remanded.

CORONERS' INQUESTS.

PARRICIDE AT KENSAL-GREEN.—On Tuesday last a long investigation was proceeded with before Mr. T. Wakley, M.P., in the Portobello Arms, at Kensal-green, into the circumstances attendant upon the death of Henry Richards, aged 43 years, a tailor and chandler, living in that place, whose death was occasioned by the effects of a severe stab inflicted on him by William Henry Richards, his own son, on Monday, the 2nd inst. It appeared from the evidence that a scuffle had arisen between the parties on the occasion of the son demanding half a pound of cheese, which the deceased refused to give. Both were intoxicated at the time of the occurrence. A police-constable's wife witnessed the latter part of the affray, but not the act of stabbing. A large bacon knife was found on the floor with which it was supposed the fatal deed was perpetrated. The deceased had lingered for 18 days before he died, and his wretched son was in the mean time sent to prison on the surgeon's certificate. The prisoner was not now in attendance, the committing magistrate having no authority to give him up, which drew from Mr. Coroner Wakley some lengthened strictures on the culpable conduct of the Home Office authorities in endeavouring to neutralize the prerogative of the Coroner's Court. Ultimately the jury found a verdict of "Manslaughter," as they did not think themselves justified in returning "Wilful Murder" on evidence of confessions alleged to have been made by the prisoner in his absence.

On Monday last an investigation took place before Mr. Wakley, M.P., and a respectable jury, in the pupils' lecture-room of the Middlesex Hospital, on view of the body of Dr. John Coghlan, aged twenty-four, assistant-surgeon of the 19th Regiment of Foot, now stationed at Malta, and who committed suicide by taking prussic acid under the very extraordinary circumstances subjoined:—John Millhouse said he resided in Green's-court, Pulteney-street, Golden-square. Shortly before five o'clock in the afternoon of Friday se'nnight, he was walking down Little Dean street, Oxford-street, when he observed deceased drink something out of a phial, and in a moment stagger and fall heavily on the pavement. He ran to his assistance, and found him apparently dying; other aid was procured, and the deceased was instantly conveyed to that hospital, but on his arrival was pronounced to be dead. Witness picked up the fragments of the bottle, which was broken in the fall, and found the label now produced attached to a portion of it. The label was one belonging to Messrs. Allen, the well-known druggists, of Plough-court, Lombard-street, and had on it the words "Prussic acid poison."—Dr. James Young said he resided at No. 2, Norfolk-street, Strand, and was staff-surgeon of the 19th Regiment. He was well acquainted with the deceased, but had not, before Friday week, seen him for twelve months, as he (witness) had been in England during that period. Deceased had arrived in town on Thursday night week from Malta, having, it was understood, been ordered home in consequence of improper proceedings which had some time since taken place at Malta between the military and civilians and in which Dr. Coghlan was alleged to have taken a prominent part. The deceased attended before Sir James M'Gregor and the medical board of the Horse Guards on Friday week, where he (Dr. Young) met him, and shook hands with him



THE TOWN-HALL OF BIRMINGHAM.

We take the opportunity of the occurrence of the festivities at Birmingham to present our readers with illustrations of the scenes which they display, and of the edifice in which they are held. The patriotic and charitable citizens of that good town have resolved upon a course which will at once evince their love of country, and their disposition to promote the cause of humanity. The grand ball, of Wednesday evening, was held to commemorate the conclusion of the late triumphant peace with the empire of China, and reflects infinite credit on the spirit and munificence of the people of Birmingham.

The Town-hall of Birmingham is a magnificent structure, modelled upon one of the ancient temples of Greece. A rustic basement supports a series of noble Corinthian columns, which extend round the front and two sides of the building. The interior, said to be the most spacious room in the kingdom, is ornamented with several pillars, rising to an elaborately-worked roof, and in a recess at the end has been erected a magnificent organ, at an expense of no less than £3000. It is said that this hall will hold 9000 persons; but this means, I take it, that they must be all standing, and of some political party that will stick remarkably close together. For myself, I do not think it is so large as Exeter-hall, or that it will contain more than 3000 or 3500 persons. The estimate of the cost of the building was £24,000, raised by a rate upon the inhabitants of the town; but the actual cost was about £30,000. The organ appears to be of ungainly build, although, if size be grandeur, it is grand beyond dispute. Its frontage of brass pipes is an eye-sore. It has, however, a fine tone, which I have heard most beautifully developed; and when surrounded by the imposing array of 500 performers and their instru-

ments, rears itself proudly enough, and looks like the lion of the orchestra.

In connection with the ball which has just been held within the building it may not be uninteresting to our readers to be reminded of the circumstances under which the Queen's Hospital—the charity for which it has been given—was established. The foundation-stone was laid by the Right Hon. the Earl Howe, on the 18th of June, 1840. On the 18th of June, 1841, the building was finished, and the dispensary and home-visiting departments commenced. Seventy beds and bedding, complete, were presented by the nobility and friends of the charity, and on the 24th of October, of the same year, the wards were formally opened by the Lord Bishop of the diocese. To meet the regulations of the Royal College of Surgeons, it was rendered imperative that the wards should contain never less than one hundred patients. The necessary expenses incurred by the outfit, and the heavy demand made at once upon the funds of the charity by the regulations of the medical authorities, induce the committee earnestly to appeal on the present festive occasion to their friends and noble patrons for support, an appeal which will be responded to the more promptly and liberally when it is known that, in accordance with the fundamental laws, the medical and surgical officers voluntarily surrender all the fees from students towards the support of the charity, and that the sum of £729 has been paid over by them to the treasurer within the period of eight months. During the last half-year 509 patients have been admitted, of which number 284 have been discharged cured; relieved, 80; irregularity, 5; own request, 3; made out-patients, 11; dead, 19; remaining in the hospital, 107; 163 severe casualty cases have occurred, of which number 54 have been admitted without recommendation; 247 have been regularly attended at their own homes; and the average number of out-patients in attendance has varied weekly from 150 to 180.

use of the parishioners. Afterwards a distinct chapel was built in the churchyard of the priory, and called St. Catherine Christ Church, since corruptly abbreviated Cree Church. At the dissolution of religious houses, Henry VIII. gave it to Lord Audley, who bequeathed it to "Maudlyn College, Cambridge," the master of which leased it to the parishes, taking a composition in money in lieu of tithes. In Stowe's days the old church was standing, but was afterwards, with the exception of the tower, taken down, the present building being raised in its stead in 1628. It was consecrated by the celebrated Bishop Laud, who upon this occasion acted in so noticeable a manner as to lead to serious charges against him.

But St. Catherine Cree has its cherished memory. Here lie the remains of a painter who left works, unique in their way, and whose hard, dry, yet exquisitely finished and truthful portraiture have rendered familiar to succeeding generations the faces of those who were his contemporaries. Here moulder the bones of Holbein, Hans Holbein, the friend and *protégé* of Erasmus and of Sir Thomas More, and the favourite painter of Henry VIII. Like Homer, several towns claim honour as his birth-place, and the Germans rank him second in their list of painters—Albert Durer occupying the first place. Versant in all branches of his art, he painted well in oil, in water-colours, and in distemper; in historical paintings and in miniatures he displayed equal skill, while to the artist he added a practical knowledge of architecture. In his youth a chance journey to Basle gained him the acquaintance of Erasmus, who gave him a letter of introduction to Sir Thomas More, in whose house at Chelsea he passed some of his happiest years—painting the pictures which afterwards attracted the attention and secured the patronage of Henry. Royal favour and his own skill conspired to keep him in active employment, and he



ST. CATHERINE CREE.

executed several important pictures, one of which, representing Henry VIII. presenting a charter to the barber-chirurgeons, may be seen at the college in Lincoln's Inn. The King's munificence was great, and Holbein's consideration at court is well conveyed in an anecdote which places Henry in a better light than history sometimes shows him. A courtier complained of the artist for an alleged insult. "Begone, and remember that I shall look upon any injury offered to the painter as done to myself. I tell you I can make seven lords of seven peasants, but not one Holbein!" He fell a victim to the plague in 1554, leaving some characteristic pictures to adorn the galleries of the country which had so munificently encouraged him—the land of his adoption. His bones were laid in a church hard by his death-place, and, although their exact depository is not now known, they form the reliques whence comes the interest attached to St. Catherine Cree.

NOOKS AND CORNERS OF OLD ENGLAND.



INTERIOR OF THE TOWN HALL OF BIRMINGHAM.

THE CHURCHES OF THE METROPOLIS—No. XXV.

ST. CATHERINE CREE.

Another old London Church! One of those which stand in the heart of the City in narrow streets surrounded by high warehouses, busy offices, and rich shops; and hemmed so closely in that the passing passenger, who threads his tortuous way through the bustling throng, scarce notices—or if he chance to notice, has no care to examine. No architectural display here arrests attention—no tall columns, lofty portico, or taper spire. A low square tower, the remnant of an older building, surmounted by an absurd circular turret in the pepper-box style, is its only external ecclesiastic feature.

The interior is striking and peculiar, displaying a strange admixture of Gothic with Grecian—opointed architecture with Corinthian columns. The *tout ensemble* however is rather pleasing, the groined ceiling, and chief window of richly stained glass, giving a picturesque character to that which, if strictly judged, could claim but little praise. The arms of the City and of different Companies decorate various panels; and here and there are inscriptions to the

memory of citizens long since gathered to their fathers. Among the less distinguished lies an ambassador, Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, the representative of "Queen Bess" at the court of France.

The legend of St. Catherine, to whom the church is dedicated, is not the least marvellous of the calendar. A Christian virgin of great fortitude and courage, the bitterest persecution was insufficient to induce a change in her faith, and torture was resorted to. Placed between two wheels thickly studded with knife-blades, her young frame was about to be subjected to fearful laceration, preparatory to being crushed to death, "when the wheels broke miraculously, and the knives, scattering themselves about, wounded the enemies of the true faith gathered round about to witness her sufferings." The form of wheel upon which she is said to have been stretched received her name, and hence also the title of the "pyrotechnic toy," the school-boy's "cat-and-wheel." The history of the church is soon told. Matilda, the wife of the first Henry, seven centuries since, founded the priory of the Holy Trinity, Christ Church, near this spot, when several neighbouring small parishes were joined, and a portion of the convent church set apart for the



THE GRAVE OF ROBIN HOOD.

When Newstead was a subject of illustration in our pages, from the surrounding Forest of Sherwood arose a thousand associations of England's boldest outlaw—the ballad hero, Robin Hood. And here again comes a memento of him to claim a nook and corner, not undeservedly—the grave

place of Robin Hood—the spot under the forest turf, sufficient for him who trod so blithely upon its surface; calling to the mind's eye the picture drawn in the old ballad of the outlaw, overtaken by sickness, seeking the aid of a leech in the Abbey of Kirkstall—and there, resigning himself to the hands of the faithless friend—his blood ebbing away untended and unchecked. Detecting, too late, the perfidy, he strives to wake the echoes as he had been wont to do when his bugle summoned his "merrie men all." Little John catches the faltering tone, suspects at once the sad truth, hies away to the abbey, makes forcible entry to the small apartment whence the sounds had come, and there—sad sight to forester—lies Robin Hood bloodless, faint, and dying, before an open casement, from which he seeks once more to gaze upon the oaks he loved. Let the ballad tell the rest:—

" Give me my bent bow in my hand
And an arrow I'll let free,
And where that arrow is taken up
There let my grave digged be."

And for this—to mark his grave—the grave we now delineate, did Robin Hood speed his last shaft.

From a correspondent we received the sketch we have engraved, and with some notes as to the inscription, which we give:—"A plain slab fills the space within the railings, and inserted in the low wall is a square stone with the following inscription:—

" Here underneath this little stean
Laiz robert earl of huntington
Neer archer ver as hi sa gud
An pipl kauld im robin head
Sic utlaws as hi an iz men
Will england nivir si agen.

Obit 24 Kalend: Decembris 1247.

" Its locality is the boldest and most picturesque in that neighbourhood. Situated on the extreme edge of Kirklees Park, near Huddersfield, its elevation is such as to present a most extensive view of what once formed a portion of the Forest of Sherwood, and which even now displays clumps of gnarled oaks scattered here and there, and, spite of the inroads of inclosures, interspersed with furze and brushwood."

Castle Hill, on the left, stands out proudly above the minor eminences around; beyond stretch a range of hills towards Blackmoor Top, until "beautifully less" they seem to mingle with the sky.

Time works great changes. Instead of scudding deer, the hissing train shoots through the valley—now buried between the hills, then darting forth, dashing over rivers, towns, through dales, parks, and villages, until its incessant "sobs" become less and less audible, and you discern a little speck and smoke in the distance; look again—"tis gone!—and a narrow pass no wider than the hand is all the eager eye can distinguish. The once lonely forest or dreary covert now resounds with the hum of machinery and busy life—Shirewood oaks are usurped by factory chimneys. The laugh and clatter of children in their "cloggen shoin" fill the vale below, where once the burst of mirth from Little John and his jovial followers made echo join in their wild glee; and between the hills, where, a few centuries since, all was desolate and drear, scarcely anything betokening life or living to be found, now, beneath a hanging cloud of smoke, which seems partially sustained by the eminences on either side—under that canopy is the bustle, industry, idleness, splendour, and poverty of the grand fancy market of the kingdom—Huddersfield.



MDLLE. CAMILLE LEROUX.

As a graphic pendant to our theatrical notices, we give another lion from the English Opera House, but one far more graceful and engaging than the "four-legged carnivora," which form its more prominent features. Mdlle. Camille Leroux is a young Frenchwoman, of great personal attractions, who performs a variety of feats of horsemanship with a degree of mingled grace and dexterity, which entitle her to the palm as a female equestrian, and almost induce the spectator to give to such displays a higher and better place in his esteem than of right belongs to them. She rides with firmness, and guides her well-trained steeds through their varied evolutions in a style which would have placed her high in the betting at the Olympic games, and made many an old Grecian's eye sparkle with gratification. She comes to us from Francon's, the Parisian Astley's; and although not yet out of her teens, has exhibited in Madrid and other parts of Spain, as well as in many of the chief towns of Germany.

The following appeared only in our late edition last week:—

LOSS OF THE SHIP ENGLAND, OFF OSTEND.—It is with regret we have to add to the already frightful catalogue of wrecks that have been detailed in this journal, the total loss of another fine ship, namely, the England, Captain Thomas Lewis, belonging to London, which foundered two days after the hurricane, in seventy-eight feet of water, about nine miles off the coast of Ostend. This is the seventh ship Messrs. Ward and Son have lost within the last eighteen months—and none of the others were insured.

ANOTHER VESSEL WRECKED NEAR BOSCASTLE—ALL HANDS LOST.—The Elizabeth Aletta, commanded by Mr. Bakker, was driven upon the sands at Cruckinton Haven, situate within six miles north-east of Boscastle-harbour, where, in the course of one hour, she was totally lost, and all on board perished.

SAFETY OF THE CREW OF THE JESSIE LOGAN.—CORK, Jan. 18.—The Lynx, arrived here from Messina, has on board the crew of the Jessie Logan, from Calcutta to Liverpool; left the former port September 4th; was struck by a heavy sea 13th inst., which carried away poop, stove in her stern, and swept decks, and was abandoned the 15th inst. in lat 51, long. 5, having 13 feet water in her hold.

Further details of the dreadful effects of the late hurricane are still coming in to Lloyd's, and it is remarked that in proportion to the amount of property destroyed the loss of life has been much greater than usual. Extract of a letter received at Lloyd's on Friday morning, dated Boscastle, Jan. 18.—"I have now to inform you that many of the skins and bales of cotton, and fragments of the Jessie Logan, have been secured, and the whole of which is now warehoused. The ship struck against a perpendicular rock, 400 feet high, at three o'clock in the afternoon, and of course in a few minutes went to pieces." Another letter states that about ten wreckers, engaged in plundering the Jessie Logan at Boscastle, attacked the revenue officers and coast guard, but were beaten off, and nine of them secured.

By a private letter received at Plymouth on Monday last, it appears that the transport Defiance, Captain R. W. Evatt, was struck by lightning off Nankin on the 30th of August last, between seven and eight P.M. The electric fluid shivered the mainmast from the truck to the heel, and was attracted by the chain cable from the hausesholes on deck to the chain lockers below. Providentially no further damage was done. The Defiance had troops on board, with government stores, including gunpowder and rockets. Great consternation naturally prevailed. She is not provided with conductors, a precaution necessary in all parts, but more especially in a climate like that of China, where lightning is so prevalent.

BRIDGEWATER.—A quantity of wreck, apparently from a schooner or brig, has been brought ashore near Porlock, with some maps and charts, without any marks on them; some papers have also been picked up—one an account of disbursements of the brig Emma, of Wisbeach, and another relating to the sailing of the same vessel from Shields for Halifax in 1833, signed Richard Marshall: also a paper marked Amity brig, Captain Cour: also a foremast, a sail, mainboom, and a quantity of strandings and rope.

The barque Calypso, Captain Glass, which left Falmouth for Liverpool on Saturday, got in contact off the Lizard with the brig Captain, Captain Wetherley, when the former lost her bowsprit, jib-boom, &c.; and the latter stanchions, jib-boom, rigging, &c. The brigs Streatham Castle, from Licata, and Hart, from Girgenti, had arrived damaged, from the heavy weather encountered on their passage from the Mediterranean, having lost boats, stanchions, spars, sails, &c.

While upon this subject, we mention with regret the death of Hylton Jolliffe, a true sportsman of the good old school—one whose presence has given life and spirit to many a well-run chase.

Mr. Jolliffe was one of the oldest members of the House of



AFFRAY BETWEEN CORNISH WRECKERS AND COAST GUARD.

LOSS OF THE LILY OF LIVERPOOL.

We regret to state that this splendid vessel, insured by the underwriters at Lloyd's to the extent of £20,000, the property of Mr. Maxwell, at Liverpool, was totally lost during the tremendous hurricane on Friday, the 13th inst., together with the Little Test, of Southampton, and another (name unknown), upon the Taunton Sands, situate about two miles and a half to the north of the North Lighthouse, in the Bristol Channel. The ship was registered at about 600 tons burthen. She had a general cargo on board, consisting of cotton and silk goods, boxes of copper ore, gunpowder, muskets, sabres, swords, pieces of ordnance, &c., and at the period of the unfortunate catastrophe was upon her passage to Old Calabar, on the coast of Africa.

About two hours after she struck, a vessel called the Appledore, Mr. Williams master, came alongside, and, by means of his boat, took the crew off in safety. They were afterwards conveyed to the lighthouse, where every comfort and kindness was shown to them. We regret to add, that some time

before the vessel came ashore, a portion of the crew had forcibly broken into the store-room, and drank to such excess of spirits, that some were lying about the deck in a shocking state of madness, and would have perished but for the humanity of their messmates, who secured them to the rigging to prevent the sea washing them overboard; and there they remained until assistance arrived alongside the wreck. The crew consisted of 23 men, besides Captain Townes, the commander, and first and second mates.

Immediately after the wreck being observed by the coast-guard, a strong body of men was stationed along the coast to protect any part of the cargo that should be washed ashore. Towards morning, as the tide rose, the breakers threw the ship higher upon the sands, where she soon broke in two, and her cargo floated out, and was washed upon the beach. As night advanced a band of desperate wreckers made their appearance and commenced plundering the cargo to a great extent. Several were fired at by the coast-guard without any serious result, but they still continued their depredations with the utmost impunity. Since then several of the principal offenders have been apprehended and committed for trial.

SPORTS OF ENGLAND.—No. II.



HARE-HUNTING.

Second in our sketches of British Sports comes hare-hunting, here given such as it was in the days of its glory, before Melton Mowbray could boast its present races, or steam-ships and railroads had beaten wind, tide, and horseflesh. This sport is now seldom seen in its primitive shape, time and manners have not failed to act upon hare-hunting as they are wont to do upon all things; indeed, the latest changes, by introducing the dwarf fox-hound, have quickened the sport and taken from it, as a subject of illustration, its main characteristic, by banishing the "blue mottled harrier." This "newest fashion" we eschew, and give hare-hunting as it should be given—such as it was when Somerville sung, and such as it yet is in some sylvan corners of Old England—a whit slower perhaps, but not less hearty, healthful, or exhilarating than the rattling system of a later day. The dwarf fox-hound, with its superior pace, possesses very fine qualities of nose, but cannot in the latter respect surpass its predecessor; while the "blue mottled harrier" gives at a glance, to a true sportsman's eye, the peculiar character of the scene which our sketch of hare-hunting seeks to pourtray.

While upon this subject, we mention with regret the death of Hylton Jolliffe, a true sportsman of the good old school—one whose presence has given life and spirit to many a well-run chase.

Commons, having represented the borough of Petersfield more than 40 years; and in this character, no less than as a soldier and a sportsman, his memory deserves the compliment we pay it, by the publication of his portrait.

He entered the army early in life, holding a commission in the Duke of York's regiment when little more than 16 years of age. In the course of the war with Republican France he was frequently engaged in active service; and in the memorable campaign in Egypt, which terminated with the victory of Alexandria, Colonel Jolliffe commanded a battalion of the Coldstream Guards on the decisive day, the 21st of March. On his marriage with the heiress of the Earl of Ferrers, he quitted the profession of a soldier, and directed his attention chiefly to those pursuits which constitute the avocations of a country gentleman. His hours of amusement were devoted to the sports of the field, in which he attained such celebrity as to have acquired the designation of "the hero of the chace." Descended from a family of very high antiquity, some of his estates in the north of England have been continued in uninterrupted succession, in one branch of his family, for more than a thousand years. A claim to revive a cherished hereditary title, long in abeyance, was at one period favourably entertained by the ministers of the day; but as it was considered invidious or injudicious to restore so ancient a barony, George III. expressed his sentiments as preferably dis-

posed to a new creation; but this not being in accordance with the views of the father of the gentleman just deceased, the idea was never realised. When pressed by the late Earl of Liverpool to accept a baronetcy, the suggestion appeared to Mr. Jolliffe to convey something so much like an insult, that he is reported to have made the following sarcastic reply to the minister—“Your proposal, my lord, if acceded to, would only enable me to do by *patent* what I already practise as a *gentleman*—namely, walk out of a room after the very numerous tribe who have recently been elected as fit subjects for such a dignity!”



PORTRAIT OF HYLTON JOLLIFFE, ESQ.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the *Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse Herald*.
LONDON IN 1842.—The last number of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS—a weekly newspaper of considerable ability, and which is embellished with a variety of appropriate wood-cuts—is accompanied with an engraving, on one enormous sheet, representing London as it at present exists. The engraving is cleverly executed, every object of interest is neatly defined, and the most remarkable features of the Modern Babylon are at once recognised. The two views—one of which is a north, and the other a south view of London—have been taken by the Daguerreotype process of M. Claudet, on a series of silver plates, and the point of sight selected by the artist is the summit of the Duke of York's Column. Altogether, the picture is the completest of the sort we have ever seen, and must have cost a world of time and trouble.

From the *Preston Pilot*.

The proprietor of this paper has nobly redeemed his promise of providing a weekly newspaper that should do honour to the age in which it was produced; and, whilst he has so faithfully performed his part, we trust that he has not been disappointed in receiving that ample support which his unexampled endeavours have so well entitled him to expect. In addition to the numerous and very superior specimens of the graphic art given weekly, the proprietor has presented the subscribers with two very magnificent views of “the City of the World,” our own great metropolis, the talent evinced in the production of which is of the highest order; indeed, the art of wood-engraving must have received so powerful a stimulus, through the instrumentality of this paper, as cannot fail to raise it to an eminence which must make it the envy and admiration of the whole world of letters.

From the *Drogheda Argus*.

LONDON IN 1842.—We took occasion, in May of the past year, to notice a weekly paper then newly published, under the title of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. Since then this periodical has been progressing in public favour, and very deservedly so. The tendency of the NEWS is to improve at the same time the mind and the taste of the people, which object it carries out by well-written original articles, and by beautiful engravings illustrating all the interesting occurrences of the day. We notice it now chiefly on account of a magnificent plate presented to its subscribers in the opening of the new year. It is a *tableau monstre* of London, in two parts; a north and south view, taken by the Daguerreotype from the summit of the York Column.

From the *Kilkenny Journal*.

We have already expressed our opinion of the merits of this extremely interesting paper. But the fact of the spirited proprietors having made a present to their subscribers of a magnificent print, entitled “London in 1842,” calls for a fresh need of approbation. These splendid views of London have been taken by the Daguerreotype process of M. Claudet—one is northern, and the other southern. They are executed in the highest style of art, and are contained in one immense sheet. If anything were wanting to complete the popularity of this elegant and admirable journal, it is now supplied by that *chef-d'œuvre*, “London in 1842.”

From the *Leicester Journal*.

This spirited newspaper, which is of an entirely novel, and decidedly meritorious, character, has just presented its subscribers of six months' standing with a splendid view of “London in 1842,” which was taken from the top of the York Column, by the Daguerreotype process of M. Claudet, on a series of silver plates, combined to form two pictures—one a north, and the other a south view of the Metropolis. It is a most accurate representation of London as it is at present, and taken from a pleasing point of view, fully displaying the beauties of St. James's Park, and the gorgeous buildings of the West End.

From the *Bucks Gazette*.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.—The liberal and spirited proprietors of the LONDON ILLUSTRATED NEWS—a weekly newspaper of sterling worth—have just presented its readers with a hand-some New Year's Gift; namely, an extensive bird's-eye view of London, from the summit of the Duke of York's Column, on one large sheet. It was taken by M. Claudet, by the Daguerreotype process; and is one of the most extraordinary examples of pictorial illustration ever offered by any London newspaper. The LONDON ILLUSTRATED NEWS is a publication of highly meritorious character, hellobodamly presenting a condensation of the accumulated information of the daily press, with the most pleasing and tasteful illustrations. We cannot pass too high an encomium on the management of so useful and amiable a publication.

From the *Belfast Vindicator*.

We have had occasion already to notice in favourable terms this extraordinary weekly newspaper, and we have now to give our opinion of a fresh effort of the proprietors to merit the patronage of the public. Commencing the new year well, they have gratuitously presented a magnificent gift to their subscribers, being a view of “London in 1842”—or rather two views, north and south, taken from the summit of the Duke of York's Column, in the most beautiful style of art, and contained on one immense sheet. The objects are represented with the greatest accuracy, and there is a precision and finish in the entire which prove the wonderful perfection to which even wood-engraving must have been brought within the last few years. A more elegant, appropriate, and cheap holiday present could not be found than this admirable view of the “great Metropolis.”

From the *Connaught Ranger*.

The spirited proprietors of this beautiful and interesting weekly paper have presented to their subscribers a splendid print of the City of London, which, for neatness of design and elegance of execution, certainly far and away surpasses anything of the kind we ever inspected. This superb view of the “great metropolis” is published on one enormous sheet, taken, we understand, by the extraordinary Daguerreotype process of M. Claudet, on a series of silver plates, combined to form two pictures—one a north and the other a south view of London, the point whence they are taken being the summit of the Duke of York's Column. The *Times* thus speaks of this *chef-d'œuvre*:—“The pictorial effect is really very fine; the perspective is well managed; the accuracy with which individual objects of interest are represented is as admirable as the beauty and the boldness of the general picture; while the nicely of execution, along with the softened blending of lights and shades, reflects high honour on the artist, and shows the extent to which wood-engraving has been perfected in this country. There could not be a more appropriate and acceptable present (in so portable a form) for country friends.”

From the *Wexford Independent*.

This beautifully embellished periodical continues to keep pace not only with the favourable anticipations which its earlier numbers led us to form, but to exceed all conceptions of what can possibly be effected by the weekly press. Its last number is accompanied with a view of London, worth, in our opinion, a whole year's subscription. It is truly a colossal specimen of pictorial illustration; and fully proves the gigantic powers of the Daguerreotype principle, by which process, we understand, it has been produced.

From the *Dumfries Advertiser*.

The first volume of this charming publication closes with the year 1842; and the first part of volume second is already out with the opening year. The illustrations are graceful and spirited, and infinite in variety. The rapidity with which they are executed to suit the striking occurrences of the day is especially wonderful. Altogether, this is a remarkably beautiful and remarkably cheap publication. And now let us still more particularly notice a “New View of London,” presented to their subscribers by the proprietors of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS. It is a splendid picture.

From the *Hull Packet*.

This unique publication has entered upon the new year right gloriously. It has not only “come out” in the full blaze of that resplendent “halo” with which it has continued to surround itself, but accompanied also by a magnificent print, of colossal dimensions, repre-

senting a bird's-eye view of the great metropolis, from the summit of the Duke of York's Column. The title of this splendid print is “London in 1842,” and its pictorial effect is really admirable. The presentation of such a work of art to its subscribers bears striking evidence of the spirit and enterprise of its proprietors and conductors, and will not be lost either upon the public taste or the public discernment. The object of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS is well expressed in its title; it is to illustrate the news of the day—every great event, every striking occurrence—by pictorial representations; and this object it is carrying out in a manner far beyond what could have been expected in a weekly newspaper, the price of which scarcely exceeds that of its *unadorned* contemporaries.

From the *Cheltenham Journal*.

The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS has published a supplement, with which they give a “Colossal View of London,” a plate, 4 feet 4 inches in length, representing London as it is. It was taken from the top of the Duke of York's monument, by means of the Daguerreotype process, on a number of small silver plates, copied from thence on upwards of sixty distinct blocks of wood, which required the employment of nineteen engravers for two months, the work never stopping night or day. It was afterwards stereotyped and printed. It is indeed a triumph of art, and we recommend this unique production to the price of which scarcely exceeds that of its *unadorned* contemporaries.

From the *Norfolk Chronicle*.

Having ourselves been among the numerous purchasers of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS from the period of its commencement, we make our acknowledgments to the proprietors of this highly interesting and admirably conducted publication for a copy of the magnificent print of “London in 1842,” which, in common with the rest of the subscribers of six months' standing, we have received as a *gratuitous* presentation. The view in question is taken from the top of the Duke of York's column, near St. James's Park. And when to the difficulties necessarily encountered in the execution of the original drawing (founded on the Daguerreotype process of M. Claudet), are added those of the no less arduous task by which the drawing so obtained was transferred, on the largest scale to the ingeniously united blocks of box-wood, wherein the talents of the engraver have been felicitously exercised, it is impossible for us to speak in terms of “faint praise,” with reference to the consummation of so splendid a work of the kind—a work in which local colour and pictorial effect are conspicuously displayed with consummate skill, and which reflect credit alike on the superior ability of the artists employed, and on the liberal spirit of the donors of the print. In thus resuming our notice of it, we have a real pleasure in bearing testimony to the increasing grandeur of this extraordinary and hitherto unequalled enterprise. For, whether consideration be given to the varied intelligence, the sound morality, and gentlemanly tone of its editorial to the indefatigable vigilance, the Argus-eyed ubiquity, the unfailing promptitude with which subjects of the pencil, as beautiful as instructive, are every consecutive week supplied to the contemplation of its readers, we have no hesitation in affirming, that its present ample enjoyment of popularity and success is a *gardon* well-earned by the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

From the *Dublin Evening Packet*.

A work of art as unique as it is really magnificent has been issued by the proprietors of this publication. It contains a picture of London, taken from the top of the Duke of York's Column, by the Daguerreotype process of M. Claudet, and is divided into two parts, a northern and southern view. The engraving, which occupies a sheet of paper of vast magnitude, is splendidly executed, and, in conjunction with the double number of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS it accompanies, it forms a perfect wonder of newspaper enterprise.

From the *Limerick Reporter*.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.—A weekly publication, thus named, is making rapid progress since its first publication, about seven months since. It presents amusement with instruction rarely to be met with in weekly periodicals, combining art-illustrations with its news. A supplement, as a New Year's Gift, has been lately presented to its subscribers by the proprietors of this excellent and very instructive paper, together with the publication in one enormous sheet, four and a half feet by three and a half, of a superb view of the metropolis, taken by the Daguerreotype process of M. Claudet, from the summit of the Duke of York's Column. This sheet is termed “London in 1842,” and, as a work of art, it is altogether unrivalled by anything heretofore produced by this mode of engraving, and calculated to excite, in all who behold it, feelings of surprise at the magnitude of its proportions. It forms two pictures, one a north and the other a south view of London. The execution of these views is admirable; every object of interest is well brought out, and the most conspicuous features of the great city are at once discovered. To publish such a plate was an arduous undertaking, and we must say for an accurate representation of London, as it is at the present moment, and all the steeples, including the scaffolding round the Nelson monument, which is at present undergoing repair, it surpasses in neatness of finish and execution anything of the kind we have ever witnessed.

From the *Waterford Mail*.

One of the most magnificent works of art, in connection with the above publication, has just been issued. We allude to the “Picture of London,” presented by the proprietors to the subscribers of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, in one sheet of vast magnitude taken by the Daguerreotype process of M. Claudet, on a series of silver plates, combined to form two pictures—the one being a north view of London, and the other a southern view—taken from the summit of the Duke of York's monument. The immense expense to which the proprietors must have gone in getting executed such a superb engraving, given free of expense to their readers, displays a degree of enterprise and spirit on their parts which must be met with a corresponding patronage on the part of the public. The readers of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS must feel grateful for the costly New Year's Gift with which they are presented.

From the *Worcestershire Chronicle*.

All of the illustrated periodicals of the present day, the subject of this notice stands, perhaps, pre-eminent for the number and beauty of its engravings, but the *acme* of its productions is a striking picture of the Metropolis (published as a supplement to the NEWS of January 7), taken from the summit of the York column, which stands, as many of our readers are aware, on the site of Carlton-house, between St. James's-park and Pall Mall. Those who are acquainted with London will be delighted with the accuracy with which all the principal edifices are exhibited, and those who are not should forthwith procure this splendid and faithful representation, to give them some idea of the vastness and magnificence of the capital of England. Altogether, this production is the finest specimen of wood-engraving, on a colossal scale, which we have ever seen, and the labour attendant upon its production must have been very great. The original sketch was taken by M. Claudet, by means of the process discovered by M. Daguerre, on a great number of silver plates; these had to be copied and arranged in a general whole; then they had to be drawn upon box-wood (no less than sixty blocks of which were joined together to form a surface sufficiently large for the picture); next came the engraving; and, when that was done, it was determined not to risk so valuable a block by placing it under the cylinder of a printing machine, and the electrotype process was resorted to, for the purpose of procuring a duplicate set of plates. This, however, was found to be too slow a process, and at last it was resolved to procure stereotype plates from which to print. The design was carried into execution, and the result is now before us, the most splendid work of the kind (as we before observed) which we have ever seen. Its cost must have been enormous, the engraving alone having cost Mr. E. Landells and eighteen other eminent engravers two months' incessant labour, the work never stopping night or day; but we trust that the liberality of the public will more than compensate the proprietors of the NEWS for their spirited undertaking.

From the *Kent Herald*.

LONDON IN 1842.—Under this title the proprietors of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS have published a print, gratuitously presented to their subscribers, of unequalled magnitude and excellence. It is a view of London, taken from the summit of the Duke of York's Column, looking to the south over St. James's Park, and to the north towards Regent's Quadrant, embracing almost every object of architectural interest in this vast expanse—Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey, Regent-street, the Athenaeum, St. Martin's Church, the Reform and the United Service Club-houses, the Horse Guards, Whitehall, the Parks, St. Paul's Cathedral, &c., &c. It is probably the largest wood engraving ever undertaken, and could only be executed by the appliances of modern science, under the direction of first-rate artistic talent and a very large pecuniary outlay. The views were first taken separately by the Daguerreotype, combined by skilful draughtsmen, and transferred to sixty of the largest slabs of box-wood that could be procured. The junction of these, and the obtaining from the whole an engraving of uniform excellence, is among the miracles of modern art. We understand it has occasioned quite a *sensation* in the Metropolis, and will no doubt largely contribute to increase the already extensive popularity of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

From the *Brighton Gazette*.

The proprietors of this paper have just issued what is properly called by one of our contemporaries a *tableau monstre*. It is a view of London, originally taken by the Daguerreotype from the summit of the Duke of York's Column, and executed with a faithfulness and spirit most creditable to the artist. The publication of this paper forms an era in newspaper history, and the manner in which it is conducted is most creditable to the enterprise and skill of all concerned.

From the *Ayr Advertiser*.

This is the most attractive newspaper of the day. Its object is to blend amusement with instruction, relieving the eye as well as improving the mind. The wood-cuts are most appropriate to the matter, and are executed in a style that led us to fear at one time that they were more certain to please than to pay. A great increase of circulation has, we believe, however, fortified the proprietors in their hope of success, and they have given a striking proof of their inclination to show themselves sensible of public favour, by sending to all their subscribers, on the completion of their first volume, a view of “London in 1842”—one of the largest and best executed efforts of pictorial illustration we have ever seen. It is itself worth a year's subscription.

From the *Cambridge Chronicle*.

A review of a newspaper is a newspaper is somewhat extraordinary, but the peculiar character of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS justifies a departure from the beaten path. It presents an entirely new feature in newspaper literature—that of “illustrating” the news of the week by wood-engravings; and we are bound to say that the extraordinary spirit and the very praiseworthy ability with which the views of its conductors are carried out deserve the patronage which we understand it already enjoys. The engravings, as it is known, are not trashy affairs, ill-conceived and clumsy executed; but really most creditable productions, many of them being beautiful specimens of art, and all serving to give a far greater interest to the information which they illustrate. And this brings us to speak of the extraordinary production which the proprietors of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS have given to their subscribers—namely, an enormous engraving of London, taken from the Duke of York's Column. Mere description cannot give a fair notion of this wonderful example of newspaper enterprise, but any one who has a desire to inspect it has an opportunity of doing so upon calling at our office. The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS has our best wishes for its continued success. It is calculated to improve the mind and taste of the people; and, in the increase of its circulation, we shall recognise the depreciation of the trashy prints which have so long been a disgrace to the weekly press of London.

From the *Blackburn Standard*.

The proprietors of this clever publication have, in addition to the usual embellishments which so distinguish the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, given to the public one of the most remarkable specimens of wood-engraving ever yet produced, in a bird's-eye view of the metropolis. The position chosen by the artist for the drawing which has been so admirably executed, is the top of the Duke of York's monumental column, above St. James's Park. A better position could not be thence distinctly seen. We have to thank the publishers of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS for a copy of this wonderful wood-cut. As a suitable present at this season of the year for those who have not had the opportunity of seeing the metropolis, we recommend this prodigy of the fine arts to our readers, the price being only sixpence.

From the *Wiltshire Independent*.

The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, of which we had occasion to speak favourably on its first appearance, maintains that character which its early numbers gave promise of. It presents an entire new feature in newspaper literature—that of “illustrating” the news of the week by wood-engravings; and we believe success of no ordinary kind has attended the enterprise. The last number, which, whether as to the ability displayed in the literary department, or the spirited cuts with which it is illustrated and ornamented, seems fully equal to any of its predecessors, is accompanied with an engraving, upon an enormous sheet of paper, of London in its present state. The engraving, which is in two parts, giving a north and a south view of the great metropolis, has been taken by the Daguerreotype process from the top of the Duke of York's Column, and exhibits very clearly and distinctly all the remarkable features of mighty London. We cannot speak more highly of this splendid work of art than it deserves.

From the *Fermanagh Reporter*.

This publication has now arrived at the completion of its first volume, and the proprietors have truly asserted their claim to support. Throughout the whole series, the true

spirit of hilarity is in the ascendant, and the extensive patronage the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS has already received is proof of the ability with which it has been conducted—Whether we think of the vein of wit which runs through the original articles or the suitable engravings that accompany them, it is impossible to restrain the purple fluid from “Tickling up and down our veins.”

The most recent achievement of this spirited publication is an enormous sheet presenting a splendid view of London. This view is well executed, and reflects great credit on the artist, whoever he be.

From the *Glasgow Herald*.

VIEW OF LONDON IN 1842.—A very wonderful specimen of the art of wood-engraving has just been published in connexion with a pictorial periodical well known under the title of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. It consists of an enormous bird's-eye view of London, taken from the summit of the Duke of York's Column, by means of M. Claudet's Daguerreotype process. In point of magnitude it is the largest wood-cut ever produced in this or any other country, being upwards of eight feet in length, and more than six times the size of the celebrated “Death of Dentatus” which, a few years ago, was reckoned the finest as well as the largest effort in wood-engraving extant. The view is magnificent, embracing every object within and around the metropolis, and all delineated with singular precision and fidelity. The perspective, and lights and shadows, are managed with admirable effect, and the whole forms a beautiful picture, calculated to convey a striking idea of the grandeur and extent of the British metropolis. As a work of art, it is well worthy of preservation, exemplifying as it does the progress which of late years has been made in wood-engraving, and the benefits which the fine arts in general are likely to receive from the application of recent discoveries in science. Some idea may be formed of the labour expended upon it, from the fact that the block is composed of upwards of sixty distinct pieces of box-wood, and that the engraving occupied the incessant labour of eighteen artists, working night and day for two months. The number which this beautiful print accompanies concludes the first volume of this entertaining work, which appears to be conducted with unabated energy and ability.

From the *Eniskillen Chronicle*.

From the examination of occasional numbers of this novel and highly interesting publication among the newspapers of the day, we were led on a former occasion to express our highest opinion in its favour, and to view it as an enterprise worthy of public approbation. Added to its being a work of the soundest information, and containing in its original columns articles of leading talent, it is calculated also to instruct and amuse through the sense of vision, and combines therefore more facilities for attaining the great objects of newspapers than any we have yet seen. The pictorial representations with which each number abounds are the finest specimens of the art, and the designs must, of themselves, have been the result of much labour, making the whole an undertaking of great expense, which, considering that vast extent of

ROYAL GRECIAN SALOON, EAGLE TAVERN, CITY-ROAD. Proprietor, Mr. T. ROUSE.—Mr. FRAZER, every evening.

Thirty-first, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, and 36th nights of the COMIC PANTOMIME and of Mr. Phillips's DIORAMA ANNUAL, both of which will be presented every evening until further notice. During the week there will be performed (each evening) an Opera, in which Mr. Frazer will appear; also a variety of pleasing incidents, a CONCERT, the DIORAMA of the Tour up the Rhine and its Falls at Schaffhausen, concluding with the Comic Pantomime of HARLEQUIN FARMER, or the Queen of the May-birds' Home. Doors open at 6; begin at half-past 6; concluding about 11.—Director, Mr. Campbell.

GARRICK'S HEAD AND TOWN HOTEL, BOW-STREET, opposite Covent-garden Theatre. The Public having conceded to Mr. NICHOLSON the interesting fact that the Establishment over which he presides is the most distinguished and *recherché* in this vast metropolis of the nations, he announces with considerable pride, that all the *élite* features which have proved so captivating are still perpetuated in deathless vigour. In this Ionian *sanc* Socrates and *Soup*, *Bacon* and *Boiled Beef*, *Eloquence* and *Estables* still maintain their fraternal alliances. *Blackstone*, with his *mucky tomes* of *law*, holds *savory council* with all the families of *Mutton Chops*, *Steaks*, *Hashes*, and *Ragouts*; while the silvery shell of the *Priestess of Euterpe* will *scold* out new *divinations* every evening.

On MONDAY EVENING, January 30th, 1813, THE JUDGE AND JURY SOCIETY will hold its Court at 9 o'clock, to investigate an issue presenting elaborate ideas of social misery—Viscount Lionel Lister Sniggle v. The Honourable Bowery Bagington Buff. On TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY EVENINGS THE GRAND VOCAL ENTERTAINMENT sustained by artists of acknowledged superiority, including Miss Harrington, Miss Goldschmidt, and Miss Sarah Wade Seymour.

THURSDAY, THE JUDGE AND JURY SOCIETY will again assemble to try a case—“The Town on the Prosecution of Patience Partickler (Widow) v. Dirtyman Strange (Esq.); being an indictment for a Misdemeanour.

FRIDAY, THE GRAND CONCERT.

SATURDAY, The amusements of the week will be *scolded* before the Judge and Jury, in an inquiry portraying the deceptions of fortune-telling and the credulity of the vulgar—The Town on the Prosecution of Samuel Soft v. Mary Merriles Makergame, a Gipsy.

The economy and accommodation offered to the public by Mr. Nicholson in the Dining Department of this establishment is unequalled in the Metropolis or elsewhere; the Dining and Supper arrangements being under the superintendence of Mr. Williams, formerly the proprietor of the celebrated rooms in the Old Bailey, known for so many years as Williams's Boiled Beef House. In the splendid Coffee-room of the Garrick Hotel, not inferior in appointments to Long's or the Clarendon, you may dine off *damask*, with a silver fork, having the choice of at least six different joints and dishes at any hour of the day, from One o'clock till Seven, for less than One Shilling. Suppers and Singing every night after the theatres. Beds One Shilling and Sixpence.

Mr. NICHOLSON has also the honour to inform the Nobility, Gentry, Gentlemen in the Army, &c., &c., that, having a large monied connection, he undertakes to cash bills of exchange and to advance money on any other securities that will stand the test of scrutiny. Inviolable secrecy is recognised. Mr. N. will wait upon gentlemen at their own residences, or give interviews, by appointment, at his private house, 5, Bedford-street, Bedford-square.

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THE FASHIONS.

Paris, Rue Chaussée d'Antin, 25th January, 1843.

Mon cher Monsieur,—I have seen no material alteration in our fashions since the date of my last letter which requires any particular remark. Robes for full dress are made much pointed at the waist; for half-dress the corsage is cut round, and has a band; and the sleeves and corsage are perfectly plain for velvet redingotes. For ball-dresses I have observed two or three very handsome toilettes in tulle, trimmed with blonde. Among other evening dresses let me mention a robe in figured rose satin, having an opening on both sides of the skirt, and trimmed with a roulau of marten sable on each side of these openings, which are not carried very far down, the robe being sufficiently short to permit the petticoat of rose satin, trimmed with fur, to be seen. This same sort of fur is used for trimming round the corsage and at the bottom of the sleeves. This dress had an extremely effective appearance. Amongst our various fashions this winter there is none more decidedly exhibited than that of having garlands of flowers placed on each side of robes. I have now before me a ball-dress made for one of our most distinguished fashionables, trimmed in this manner. It is a robe of blonde, with small bouquets of roses, and relieved on each side by a garland of little May roses. The garland is fastened to the waist, and is attached to the skirt in a kind of festoon, reaching to nearly the height of the middle of the leg. The robe being thus relieved, permit a volant of blonde placed under the robe of white satin to appear; this volant, in its turn, being furnished on either side by a bouquet of roses placed at the bottom of the garland; and, as well as the crown of Inez de Castro, which was worn by the same person, it was a very beautiful and remarkable dress. Blonde is much worn at all our parties, particularly for coiffures. I lately observed a coiffure châtelaine, which, I think, I once before mentioned to you, made of blonde; it had long falling pieces on each side of the face, but which were kept in their place by a fringe of gold, of which each end was fastened by an emerald or a ruby. At the same party was a lady wearing a coiffure Lamballe, formed of a cordon of little roses winding spirally round a little blonde scarf, forming a sort of toque, worn rather on one side and slightly forward on the forehead. The two ends of the scarf, which were reunited on the same side, fell down upon the neck. When this coiffure is well put on, and fastened in front by a rivière of diamonds, I know nothing more charming or more elegant. As I have before observed, an immense quantity of flowers are now consumed: their delicacy, their beauty, and their extraordinary similarity to the natural flower is one of the most remarkable things in our industry. We have just seen, at the magazin of Chagot, the cactus, the Beatrix crown, and some others of extreme fidelity to nature, and arranged with a most marvellous taste; these are in constant request, and are everywhere seen. As usual, lace is an object of the greatest luxury here, and forms the most fashionable trimming to robes of velvet, satin, and brocade; but of all our lace the type of the greatest distinction is the Alençon, of which the richness of appearance harmonizes perfectly with the superb stuff which it is so generally employed to ornament. I do not know that I have anything further that deserves your attention; and till my next, adieu.

HENRIETTE DE B.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FRAGMENT OF A PICTURE.

Disjecta membra poetæ.—HORAT.

* * * * *

A form now moves
By the Abbey's wall,
Like a spectre from midnight tomb—
And softly treads
That its footsteps' fall
May not waken the dismal gloom!

A cheek once blushing—
An eye of blue,
And a bosom warm and fair—
But the blushes are lost
In the moonlight's hue,
And the eye is bathed
In sorrow's dew,
And the bosom is cold despair!

'Tis the second night
Of her weary watch,
And many a time she vainly tries,
From the distant vale
A sound to catch
That will hush her weeping and calm her sighs!
But no—'tis silence—
And the tears
Run quickly down her pallid cheek—
Alas! that one
Of such few years
Should have a heart so nigh to break!

Oh! 'twas the soul
Of gentleness!
It waited not
For deep distress

To move its sensibility—

The dew of pity from her eye
Would damp her cheek if ev'n a flow'r
Were rudely torn in blossom hour!
She sinks on a tomb
Unable to stand—
Her head droops down
On her lily hand:
Her eyes close up
Their fount of tears
And a lifeless thing
She now appears!

IRELAND.

Mr. O'Connell has addressed a letter to the *Cork Examiner*, in relation to the Irish Poor Law, which thus concludes:—"It has been said that I have rated too highly the income of five hundred pounds a-year as the minimum on which to impose the charity-tax. I have been asked why should not lesser incomes of £300 or £200 or £100 a-year be liable to the tax? My answer is, that I would leave all persons of a smaller income than £500 a-year to the impulses of their own benevolence, generosity, and above all, to the impulse of their Christian convictions. The evidence in the original Poor Law inquiry is conclusive, that it is safe to leave the middle and poorer in Ireland to their own Christian feelings. That evidence shows that it was these classes who supported the multitudinous paupers in Ireland; principally from a most laudable sense of religious obligation. I would leave them to work their way to Heaven by doing good to the poor, to the sick, and the desolate. It is objected to me that I opposed the Poor Laws with a view to promote the paramount object of my political life—the Repeal of the Union. There never was a more unfounded objection; there is nothing more likely to promote the repeal than allowing the present poor-law system to work out many more of its mischiefs, and to aggravate, by personal sufferings, the dislike which we naturally entertain to English legislation. No. If I could abolish the present Poor Laws, I should deprive myself of a powerful weapon which I otherwise could, and which (if left to me) I candidly confess I will use, in every legal and constitutional way, to promote the interests of the people."

FATAL AFFRAY.—SUDDEN DEATH OF A CORONER.—Since Tuesday week an inquest has been in progress on a small island, near Lanesborough, on the Shannon, upon the body of a peasant, killed in an affray with the revenue police on the previous Friday. On that occasion a party of the police proceeded to seize an illicit still, when they were attacked by the populace, and a desperate conflict ensued. One of the peasantry was shot dead, and several of them were severely wounded. The police, ten in number, after exhausting all their ammunition, were, it is stated, compelled to abandon the seizure of the still and the illicit whiskey, the lieutenant who commanded the party and several of his men having been wounded. The government, and the excise authorities deemed the case one of so much importance that Mr. Stormont, of the Irish excise solicitor's department, was despatched to attend the inquest. The evidence on both sides closed on Friday week, and the coroner was about to commence his charge to the jury, when he suddenly dropped dead! For some time the greatest excitement prevailed, but upon consideration it was found that all the proceedings taken were null and void, and it was, therefore determined to obtain the attendance of another coroner, in order to commence *de novo*.

The chairman of the Irish Fisheries Protection Society has received a communication from Government, stating that a Bill will be brought forward in the ensuing session, for the purpose of providing funds for defraying the expenses of the preservation of salmon in the Irish rivers.

THE MARKETS.

CORN EXCHANGE.—The supplies of English wheat offering at Mark-lane this week having been on the increase, and, comparatively speaking, of inferior quality, we have to report a very heavy inquiry for that article, and the prices, in consequence, have suffered an abatement of from 1s to 2s per quarter without clearances being effected. So little has been passing in foreign wheat, both free and in bond, that the quotations have remained almost nominal. However, to effect sales, lower rates must be complied with by the holders. The best malting barley has gone off at late rates; but grinding and distilling sorts have declined in value 1s per quarter. In malt a fair business has been done, but in oats, beans, peas, and flour next to nothing has been transacted.

ARRIVALS.—English: wheat, 5570; barley, 4050; oats, 3140; and malt, 5980 quarters. Flour, 4910 sacks. Irish: oats, 4610 quarters. No Scotch or foreign.

English.—Wheat, Essex and Kent, red, 42s to 53s; white, 54s to 58s; Norfolk and Suffolk, red, 49s to 57s; do. white, 51s to 58s; rye, 34s to 38s; grinding barley, 22s to 28s; malting do., 28s to 31s; Chevalier, 32s to 34s; Suffolk and Norfolk malt, 56s to 62s; brown do., 50s to 54s; Kingston and Ware, 56s to 62s; Chevalier, 63s; Yorkshire and Lincolnshire feed oats, 23s to 24s; potato do., 25s to 26s; Youghal and Cork, black, 17s to 18s; do. white, 19s to 20s; tick beans, new, 34s to 36s; do. old, 34s to 38s; grey peas, 36s to 38s; maple, 33s to 34s; white, 30s to 35s; boilers, 32s to 37s; per quarter. Town-made flour, 44s to 45s; Suffolk, 38s to 40s; Stockton and Yorkshire, 36s to 38s; per 280 lbs. **Foreign.**—Free wheat, 50s to 58s. **In Bond.**—Barley, 20s; oats, new, 15s to 17s; do. feed, 14s to 16s; beans, 20s to 26s; peas, 23s to 27s; per quarter. Flour, America, 22s to 24s; Baltic, 22s per barrel.

The Seed Market.—We have had a fair supply of clover seed offering, but the inquiry for it has ruled inactive. In all other kinds of seed little has been passing.

The following are the present rates:—Linseed, English, sowing, 48s to 57s; Baltic, crushing, 42s to 45s; Mediterranean and Odessa, 45s to 46s; hemp, seed, 35s to 46s; per quarter; coriander, 10s to 18s per cwt.; brown mustard seed, 10s to 11s; white do., 10s to 10s 6d; tares, 5s 0d to 5s 9d per bushel; English rapeseed, new, 30s to 33s per last of ten quarters. Linseed cakes, English, 10s 1d to 10s 10s; do. foreign, 7s to 7s 10s per 1000; rapeseed cakes, 51s 8s to 61s per ton.

Imperial Weekly Average.—Wheat, 49s 1d; barley, 27s 2d; oats, 17s 0d; rye, 28s 2d; beans, 27s 7d; peas, 29s 5d.

Imperial Averages of Six Weeks which govern Duty.—Wheat, 47s 6d; Barley, 26s 6d; Oats, 17s 1d; Rye, 29s 1d; Beans, 28s 4d; Peas, 30s 7d per quarter.

Butyl on Foreign Corn.—Wheat, 20s 0d; Barley, 10s 0d; Oats, 8s 0d; Rye, 11s 6d; Beans, 11s 6d; Peas, 10s 6d.

Bread.—The prices of wheaten bread are from 7d to 7s 4d; of household ditto, 5d to 6d for the 4lb loaf.

Tea.—Although there has been a slight falling-off in the demand for tea, holders remain firm, and sound common congo, cash, cannot be had under 1s 3d per lb. No public sales are yet declared.

Sugar.—In most kinds of sugar but a moderate business has been transacted, yet we have no material variation to notice in prices.

Coffee.—This article has been again in slow request, and the quotations have had a downward tendency.

Cocoa.—Little is doing in cocoa at about previous currencies.

Rum.—The rum market is very dull, sales being with difficulty effected at lower rates. **Proof.** Leewards, 1s 7d to 1s 8d.

Indigo.—The quarterly sales have been brought to a conclusion. Out of 6810 packages which passed the chair, 499 have been withdrawn, 2689 bought in, and 3621 sold. As compared with the October sales prices show an advance of 10d per lb. on Kurpah and ordinary Bengal; 9d on good and middling ditto; 6d on fine Bengal and Madras; and 1s on Oude.

Tallow.—We have a steady demand for P.Y.C. on the spot, at 47s. For forward delivery little is doing.

Oils.—Only a moderate business has been done in oils this week, at about late rates.

Provisions.—In Irish butter little is doing at barely stationary prices. Foreign butter is in demand, and the best Friesland is held at 11s to 11s per cwt. Bacon is very dull. In other kinds of provisions scarcely anything is doing.

Wool.—About 2700 packages have been imported this week. Fine parcels are selling on full as good terms as of late, but in the inferior descriptions next to nothing has been transacted.

Hops.—This market remains steady, and the late advance in figures is firmly supported.

Potatoes.—The supplies still continuing large, and the weather mild, the demand is slow, at 34s to 60s per cwt.

Coals.—Adair's Main, 15s 6d; Chester Main, 15s 3d; Holywell Main, 17s; Ord's Redheugh, 15s 6d; Wylam, 16s 9d; Tanfield Moor, 17s 9d; Hetton, 20s 3d; Stewart's, 20s per ton. Ships arrived, 7.

Smithfield.—Notwithstanding the supplies of both fat and lean stock offering in our market this week the demand for beef, mutton, and pork has ruled heavy, at, in some instances, drooping prices, but veal has advanced from 4d to 6d per 8 lbs. Scarcely any foreign beasts have been on offer. Beef

from 3s 2d to 4s 4d; mutton, 3s 4d to 4s 4d; veal, 4s 10d to 5s 10d; and pork, 3s 10d to 4s 8d per 8 lbs., to sink the offals.

Newgate and Leadenhall.—In consequence of the immense supplies of country slaughtered meat which have been on offer in these markets the general inquiry has ruled excessively dull, at lower figures. Beef has sold at from 3s 2d to 3s 8d; mutton, 3s 4d to 4s; veal, 4s 4d to 5s 6d; and pork, 3s 6d to 4s 6d per 8 lbs., by the carcass.

ROBERT HERBERT.

COMMERCE AND MONEY.

The West India mail arrived in the middle of last week, but the letters received from these important colonies are not so late as might be expected by steam conveyance. The information generally, however, is satisfactory to the West India merchants in this country. The prospects of immediate improvement every where continued to be cheering; and an expectation is entertained here, that in the course of this season we shall receive a greater quantity of produce from these channels than we have done since the Emancipation Bill became effective. There is no failing away in consumption, although the desire generally exhibited to reduce the stocks on hand renders sale more difficult than is usually the case at this time of the year. Coffee is particularly subject to these remarks, for sales continue to be large, although prices are lower than they were last week, but they are still high. Cotton wool is again cheaper, in consequence of large supplies of this article weekly arriving from various quarters, which circumstance is much in favour of the manufacturing consumers. Sheep's wool, on the contrary, is gradually becoming dearer, the demand for it in Leeds and various other places having materially increased during the current month. In the silk trade, also, activity is gradually becoming more obvious. In barley and oats a considerable dullness exists, and each of these articles are a shade lower than they were last week.

In the money market, the only difficulty which the great capitalists at present find is a safe and profitable channel for the employment of their property. As trade improves, however, a part of this difficulty will be removed. In the meantime, public securities are the principle attractions for money investments.

On the English Stock Exchange, time bargains have for some time past been limited by the small quantity of what is called floating stock in the market, the abundance of money during the last two years having been employed in stock purchases for investment, by which a great portion of speculative stock has been taken out of the market altogether. In Consols for Account, therefore, the operations weekly become less interesting, and little difference exists now, consequently, between the value of transactions for time or for money. In the course of this week the quotation has varied between 94s and 95s, and little interest has been extended towards them by the public. On the Foreign Stock Exchange, very little business indeed has been done in the course of this week, and still less alteration can be noted in the value of any description of foreign securities.

In East India produce a great deal of business has occurred this week. The sales of indigo went off better than was previously expected, and prices, on the average, are rather higher than the October sale produced. Of East India sugar, likewise, large quantities were brought forward for sale, and prices were fairly maintained, considering the circumstances generally of the market in Mincing-lane. The quantity of opium on sale is not large, the holders generally waiting for further advices from the East before they press their property on the market for sale; indeed, when the mail arrives, it is more than probable that the demand will be increased, and higher prices than obtained than can be got at the present moment.

BRITISH FUNDS.—(CLOSING PRICES).—FRIDAY.

Bank Stock, 17s	India Stock pm
3 per Cent Red., 95s	Ditto Bonds 60 pm
3 per Cent Cons. 94s	Ditto Old Annuities,
3s per Cent Red., 102	Ditto New Annuities,
New 3s per Cent. 101s	Ex. Bills, 1000/2, 2d., 63 pm
New 5 per Cent.	Ditto 500/2, 66 pm
Long Annuities to expire	Ditto Small, 66 pm
Jan. 1860, 12s	Bank Stock for Account,
Oct. 1859,	India Stock for Opg.,
Jan. 1860, 12s	Consols for Opg., 94s

SHARES.

Bristol and Exeter (70 p),	London and Blackwall (— p), 5s
Edinburgh and Glasgow (50 p), 47s	London and Birmingham (100 p), 20s
Great Western Railway (65 p), 91	Ditto Thirds (32 p),
Ditto New Shares (50 p), 64s	Ditto New Shares (2 p), 36s
Ditto Fifth (12 p), 17s	London and South Western
London and Brighton (50 p), 37s	(4s 1s 6s. 10d. p), 63s



THE LONDON GAZETTE.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 24.

WHITEHALL, Jan. 21.—The Queen has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal, granting the dignity of a Knight of the United Kingdom unto Captain Edward Belcher, of the Royal Navy